

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Being a COMPLEAT HISTORY

O F

All the Notable and Merry EXPLOITS perform'd by
him and his Men on divers Occasions.

To which is added,

A PREFACE, giving a more full and particular Account of his
Birth, &c. than any hitherto published.



*Adorn'd with Twenty-seven Neat and Curious CUTS proper to
the Subject of each SONG.*

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The P R E F A C E to the R E A D E R.

THERE is scarce any Story so little known, for one very popular as that of *ROBIN HOOD* and *LITTLE JOHN*. Numbers there are who look upon all that is said of them as fabulous, and believe them (like the Heroes and Gods of Homer and Ovid) to have existed no where but in the fertile Brain of an inventing Poet. Nor is this the Opinion of an unthinking People: I have often heard it asserted by Men of good Sense; but that they are grossly mistaken is very certain. For King *Richard* the First, transported with Zeal, blindly sacrificed every thing to it, and ruin'd himself and almost his whole Nation, to carry on a war against the Infidels in the Holy Land, where he went in Person. The intestine Troubles of England were very great at the Time; and even *John*, the King's brother, caballed to dethrone him and take Possession of his Kingdom. This was an Opportunity which the *Outlaws* and *Banditti* would by no means neglect, and *England* was every where infested with Thieves and Robbers. But amongst those none made so considerable a figure as *Robin Hood*; who, as Historians assure us, chiefly resided in *Yorkshire*; but who, if we may give any Credit to most of our Old Songs, was very conversant in the County of *Nottingham*. Besides *Little John*, he had an hundred Bowmen in his Retinue, but none but the Rich stood in Awe of him: So far from spoiling the Poor, he did them all the good that lay in his Power. Of the Rich, he seldom abused those he robbed; and never offered to force or rifle any Woman. It is not very positively known who he was, but the general Opinion of the Historians is, that he was a Nobleman by Birth noble, and created an Earl for some considerable Service done to his Country in War. But having riotously spent his Estate, he took that Way of Living, rather chusing to venture his Life for every Thing he got, than to live in a dependent State, and be beholden to any Body for his Bread. *Hubert*, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and Chief Justiciary of *England*, endeavouring all he could to suppress those Robbers and Outlaws, set a very considerable Price upon the Head of *Robin Hood*, and several Stratagems were used to apprehend him; but all their Attempts proved fruitless. Force he repelled by Force, and Art by Cunning; till at length falling ill, he went (in order to be better taken Care of) to *Birkleys*, a Nunnery in *Yorkshire*, where he desired to be let Blood; but the Reward set upon his Head being very considerable, it proved a great Temptation to some who knew him, by whom he was betray'd; and, instead of bleeding as he desired, he was bloodied to Death, about the latter end of 1395.

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND, &c.

I. *The Pedigree, Education, and Marriage of ROBIN HOOD with Clorinda, Queen of Titbury Feast.*

Supposed to be related by the FIDLER who play'd at their WEDDING.



K Ind Gentlemen, will you be silent awhile?

Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good Ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his Man brave Little John.

In Locksley Town, in merry Nottmshire,
In merry sweet Locksley Town.

There bold Robin Hood was born & bred,
Bold Robin of famous Renown.

The Father of Robin a Forester was,
And he shot with a lusty strong Bow,
Two North Country Miles and an Inch at
a shoot,

As the Pinder of Wakefield does know;
For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of
the Clough,

And William a Clowdel too,
To shoot with our Forester for forty Marks,
And the Forester beat them all three.

His Mother was Niece to the Coventry
Knight,

Which Warwickshire Men call Sir Guy
For he slew the Blue Bear that hangs up
at the Gate,

Or my host at the Bull tells a Lye.
Her Brother was Gamewell, of Great
Gamewell Hall,

A noble Housekeeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke Bread in sweet Notting-
hamshire,

And a Squire of famous Degree:
The Mother of Robin said to her husband,
My Honey, my love, and my Dear,
Let Robin and I ride this Morning to
Gamewell,

To taste of my Brother's good Cheer.
And he said, I grant thee thy Boon, gentle
Joan;

2 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Take one of my Horses I pray :
 The sun is arising, and therefore make
 haste,
 For To-morrow is Christmas-Day.
 Then Robin Hood's Grey Gelding was
 brought,
 And Saddled and Bridled was he ;
 God wot a blue Bonnet, his new Suit of
 Cloaths,
 And a Cloak that did reach to his knee.
 She got on her Holiday Kirtle and Gown,
 They were all of a Lincoln Green ;
 The Cloth was home-spun, but for Co-
 lour and Make
 It might have befecemed the Queen.
 And then Robin got on his Basket hilt
 Sword,
 And his Dagger on the other Side :
 And said, my dear Mother, let's haste to be
 gone,
 We have forty long Miles to ride.
 When Robin was mounted on his Gelding
 so grey,
 His Father without any Trouble,
 Set her up behind him, and bid her not
 fear,
 For his Gelding had oft carried double.
 And when she was settled, they rode to
 their Neighbours,
 And drank and shook Hands with them
 all ;
 And then Robin gallop'd, and never gave
 o'er,
 'Till they lighted at Gamewell Hall.
 And now you may think the right wor-
 shipful 'Squire
 Was joyful his Sister to see ;
 For he kiss'd her, and kiss'd her, and
 and swore a great Oath,
 Thou art welcome, kind Sister, to me.
 The Morrow when Mass had been said in
 the Chapel,
 Six Tables were covered in the Hall,
 And in comes the 'Squire and makes a
 short speech,
 It was, Gentlemen, you're welcome all,
 But not a Man here shall taste my March
 Beer,
 'Till a Christmas Carol he does sing ;
 Then all clap'd their Hands, and they
 shouted and sung,
 'Till the Hall and the Parlour did ring.
 Now Mustard and Brawn, Roast Beef, and
 Plumb Pies,
 Were set upon every Table ;

And noble George Gamewell said Eat, and
 be merry,
 And drink too as long as you're able.
 When Dinner was ended, his Chaplain
 said Grace ;
 And be merry, my Friends, said the
 'Squire ;
 It rains and it blows ; but call for more
 Ale,
 And lay some more Wood on the Fire.
 And now call ye Little John hither to me,
 For little John is a fine Lad,
 At Gambols and Juggling, and twenty
 such Tricks,
 As shall make you both merry and glad.
 When little John came, to Gambols they
 went,
 Both Gentlemen Yeoman and Clown :
 And what do you think ? Why, as true as
 I live,
 Bold Robin Hood put them all down.
 And now you may think the right worship-
 ful 'Squire
 Was joyful this Sight forth to see ;
 For he said, Cousin Robin, thou go'st no
 more Home,
 But tarry and dwell here with me :
 Thou shalt have my Land when I die, and
 'till then
 Thou shalt be the Staff of my Age.
 Then grant me my Boon, dear Uncle, said
 Robin,
 That little John may be my Page.
 And he said, kind Cousin, I grant thee
 thy Boon ;
 With all my Heart, so let it be,
 Then come hither little John said Robin
 Hood,
 Come hither my Page unto me :
 Go fetch me my Bow, my longest Bow,
 And broad Arrows, one, two, or three ;
 For when 'tis fair Weather, we'll into
 Sherwood,
 Some merry Pastime to see.
 When Robin Hood came into merry Sher-
 wood,
 He winded his Bugle so clear ;
 And twice five and twenty good Yeomen
 and bold
 Before Robin Hood did appear.
 Where are your Companions all, said
 Robin Hood ?
 For still I want Forty and Three ;
 Then said a bold Yeoman, Lo, yonder
 they stand

All

All under a green-Wood Tree.
 As that Word was spoke, Clorinda came
 by,
 The Queen of the Shepherds was she;
 And her Gown was of Velvet as green as
 the Grass,
 And her Buskin did reach to her Knee:
 Her Gait it was graceful, her Body was
 straight,
 And her Countenance it was free from
 Pride;
 A Bow in her Hand, and a Quiver of
 Arrows,
 Hung dangling by her sweet Side,
 Her Eye brows were black, ay, and so
 was her Hair,
 And her Skin was as smooth as Glass;
 Her Visage spoke Wisdom and Modesty too
 Sets with Robin Hood, such a Lads?
 Says Robin Hood, fair Lady, whither
 away?
 O whither, fair Lady, away?
 And she made him Answer, To kill a fat
 Buck;
 For To-morrow is Titbury Day.
 Said Robin Hood, Lady fair, will you
 wander with me
 A little to yonder green Bower,
 There sit down to rest you, and you shall
 be sure
 Of a Brace, or a Leash, in an Hour
 And as we were going towards the green
 Bower,
 Two hundred good Bucks we espy'd;
 She chose out the fattest that was in the
 herd,
 And shot him thro' Side and Side.
 By the Faith of my Body, said Bold Robin
 Hood,
 I never saw Woman like thee;
 And com'st thou from East, or com'st
 thou from West,
 Thou need'st not beg Venison of me.
 However, along to my Bower you shall go,
 And taste of a Forester's Meat:
 And when we came thither, we found as
 good Cheer
 As any Man needs for to eat.
 For there was hot Ven'son, and Warden
 Pies cold,
 Cream clouted, and Honey-combs plenty
 And the Servitors they were, beside little
 John,
 Good Yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, Tell me your Name, gentle
 Sir;
 And he said, 'tis bold Robin Hood;
 'Square Gamewell's my Uncle, but all my
 Delight
 Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood:
 For 'tis a fine Life, and 'tis void of all
 Strife,
 So 'tis, Sir, Clorinda reply'd.
 But oh, said bold Robin, how sweet would
 it be,
 If Clorinda would be my Bride!
 She blush'd at the Motion; yet, after a
 Pause,
 Said, Yes, Sir, and with all my heart:
 Then let us send for a Priest, said Robin
 Hood,
 And be married before we do part.
 But she said, it may not be so, gentle Sir,
 For I must be at Titbury Feast;
 And if Robin Hood will go thither with
 me,
 I'll make him the most welcome Guest.
 Said Robin Hood, reach me that Buck,
 Little John,
 For I'll go along with my Dear;
 And bid my Yeomen kill six Brace of
 Buck,
 And meet me To-morrow just here.
 Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles
 Eight Yeomen that were too bold,
 Bid bold Robin Hood stand, and deliver
 his Bucks,
 A truer tale never was told.
 I will not, faith, said bold Robin: Come
 John,
 Stand by me, and we'll beat them all.
 Then both drew their Swords, and so cut
 'em and slash'd 'em,
 That Five of the Eight did fall.
 The three that remain'd call'd to Robin
 for Quarter.
 And pitiful John begg'd their Lives.
 When John's Boon was granted, he gave
 them good Counsel,
 And so sent them home to their Wives.
 This Battle was fought near to Titbury
 Town,
 When the Bag-pipes baited the Bull;
 I'm the King of the Fidlers, and I swear
 'tis Truth;
 And I call him that doubts it a Gull;
 For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the
 while;

And Clorinda sung, 'Hey derry down !
 ' The Bumkins are beaten ; put up thy
 sword Bob ;
 ' And now let's dance into the Town.
 Before we came in it we heard a strange
 Shouting,
 And all that were in it look'd madly !
 For some were a Bull-back, some dancing
 a Morrice,
 And some singing Arthur a Bradley,
 And there we saw Thomas, our Justices
 Clerk,
 And Mary to whom he was kind ;
 For Tom rode before her, and call'd Mary
 Madam,
 And kiss'd her full sweetly behind ;
 And so may your Worships. But we went
 to Dinner.
 With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan ;
 They all drank a Health to Clorinda, and
 told her,
 Bold Robin was a fine Man.
 When Dinner was ended, Sir Roger the
 Parson
 Of Dubbridge was sent for in Haste :
 He brought his Mass Book, and bid them
 take Hands,
 And he join'd them in Marriage full fast
 And then, as bold Robin Hood and his
 sweet Bride
 Went Hand in Hand unto the green
 Bower,

The Birds sung with Pleasure in merry
 Sherwood,
 And it was a most joyful Hour.
 And when Robin came in Sight of the
 Bower,
 Where are my Yeomen ? said he :
 And Little John answer'd, Lo, yonder
 they stand
 All under a Green-Wood-Tree.
 Then a Garland they brought her, by two
 and two,
 And placed it on the Bride's Head :
 The Musick struck up, and we all fell to
 Dancing,
 'Till the Bride and the Bridegroom were
 a-bed,
 And what they did there must be Counsel
 to me,
 Because they lay long the next Day ;
 And I made haste Home ; but I got a good
 Piece
 Of the Bride Cake, and so came away.
 Now out, alas ! I had forgotten to tell ye,
 That married they were with a R. 4g ;
 And so will Nan Knight, or be bury'd a
 Maiden ;
 And now let us pray for the King,
 That he may get Children, and they may
 may get more,
 To govern and do us some good,
 And then I'll make Ballads in Robin
 Hood's Bower,
 And sing them in merry Sherwood

XX
 2 ROBIN HOOD'S Progress to NOTTINGHAM,
 in which he slew Fifteen Foresters.
 To the Tune of Bold ROBIN HOOD, &c.



Rolin Hood was a tall young Man,
 Dery, derry down,
 Full fifteen Winters old,
 And Robin Hood was a proper young Man

Of Courage stout and bold.
 Heydown, derry, deery down.
 Robin Hood went unto fair Nottingham,
 With the General for to dine

There

There was he aware of fifteen foresters,
 Drinking beer, ale, and wine.
 What News? What News? Said bold
 Robin Hood,
 What News fain wouldst thou know?
 Our King has provided a shooting match,
 And I am ready with my bow.
 We hold it in scorn, said the 15 foresters,
 That ever a boy so young
 Should bear a bow before our king,
 That's not able to draw one string.
 I'll hold you 20 marks, said bold R. Hood,
 By the leave of our lady,
 That I'll hit the mark an hundred rood,
 And I'll cause a hart to die.
 We'll hold you 20 marks, then said the
 foresters,
 By the leave of our lady,
 Thou hit not the mark an hundred rood,
 Nor cause the hart to die.
 Robin Hood he bent up a noble good bow,
 And a broad arrow he let fly;
 He hit the mark an hundred rood,
 And caused an hart to die.
 Some say he broke ribs one or two,
 And some say he broke three;
 The arrow in the hart would not abide,
 But glanc'd in two or three.
 The hart did skip, and the hart did leap,
 And the hart lay on the ground;
 The wager is mine, said Robin Hood,
 If it were for a thousand pound.
 The wager is none of thine, said the
 foresters,
 Although thou be'st in haste;
 Take up thy bow, and get thee hence,

Left we thy sides should baste.
 Robin Hood took up his noble good bow,
 And his broad arrows all amain;
 And Robin being pleas'd, began to smile
 As he went over the plain.
 Then Robin he bent his noble good bow,
 And his broad arrows he let fly,
 Till fourteen of the fifteen foresters
 Upon the ground did lie.
 He that did the quarrel first begin,
 Went tripping over the Plain:
 But Robin Hood bent his noble good bow,
 And fetch'd him back again.
 You said I was no Archer, said R. Hood.
 But say so now again;
 With that he sent another arrow after him
 Which split his head in twain.
 You have found me an archer, says bold
 Robin Hood,
 Which will make your wives to wring.
 And wish that you never had said the word,
 That I could not have drawn one string,
 The people that did live in fair Nottingham
 Came running out amain.
 Supposing to have taken bold R. Hood,
 With the foresters that were slain.
 Some lost legs, and some lost arms,
 And some did loose their blood:
 But Robin he took up his noble good bow,
 And is gone to the merry green wood.
 They carried these foresters to fair Nottm.
 As many there did know,
 They digg'd them graves in their church-
 yard,
 And they bury'd them all on a row.

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 3. *Shew'ing how the Jolly Pinder of Wakefield, with R.
 Hood, W. Scarlet, and Little John, a long Summer's Day.
 To an excellent Northern Tune.*



I N Wakefield there lives a jolly Pinder,
 In Wakefield all on the Green,
 In Wakefield all on the Green;

There is neither knight nor 'squire, said
 the Pinder,
 Nor Baron so bold,

6 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

Nor Baren so bold,
Dare make a trespass to the town of Wake-
field,

But his pledge goes to the pinfold,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold.
All this he heard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espy'd the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, now turn again, said the
pinder,

For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.
O that were a shame, said jolly Robin;
We being three, and thou but one.

The pinder leap'd back then 30 good feet,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He lean'd his back fast to a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he sought a long summer's day,
And a summer's day so long,

'Till that their swords in their broad buckl.
Were broken fast in their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold
Robin Hood,

And my merry men every one;
For this is one of the best pinders,
That ever I try'd with a sword.
And wilt thou now forsake thy pinder's
craft,

And live in the green wood with me?
At Michaelmas next my covenant comes out
When every man gathers his fee,
Then I'll take my blue blade in my hand,
And plod to the green wood with thee.
Hast either meat or drink, said R. Hood,
For my merry men and me?

I have both bread and beef, said the pinder,
And good ale of the best;
And that's good meat enough, said Robin
Hood,

For such unbidden guests.
O wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And go to the green wood with me?
Thou shalt have a livery twice in the year,
The one green and the other brown.
If Michaelmas once was come and gone,
And my master had paid me my fee,
Then would I set as little by him,
As my master doth by me.

4. *Shewing how Robin Hood went to an old Woman's House,
and changed Cloths with her, to escape from the Bishop:
and how he robbed him of all his Gold, and made him sing
Messe.*



Come gentlemen all, and listen awhile
With a hey down, down, & a down
And a story to you I'll unfold?
I'll tell you how R. Hood served the Bishop
When he robbed him of his gold.
As it fell out on a sun shining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time,

And as he walk'd the forest along,
Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a proud Bishop,
And all his company.
O what shall I do, said Robin Hood then,
If the Bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he'll shew unto me I know;
Therefore away I'll flee.
Then R. was stout, and turn'd him about,

And

And a little house there did he spy;
And to an old wife, to spare his life,
He aloud began to cry.
Why, who art thou, said the old woman,
Come tell to me for good?
I am an Outlaw, as many do know;
My name it is Robin Hood.
And yonder's the Bishop and all his men;
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he'll work my spite,
And hanged I shall be,
If thou be R. Hood, said the old woman,
As thou dost seem to be,
I'll for thee provide thy person to hide
From the Bishop and his company.
For I remember one Saturday night
Thou brought'st me both shoes & hose;
Therefore I'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes.
Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green:
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen.
And when that R. Hood was thus array'd,
He went strait to his company,
With his Spindle and twine he oft looks
behind
For the Bishop and his company.
O who is yonder, quoth Little John,
That now comes over the lee?
An arrow at her I will let fly,
So like an old witch looks she.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin
Hood then,
And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood thy master good,
As quickly shall be seen.
The Bishop he came to old woman's house,
And called with a furious mood,
Come let me see, and bring unto me
That traitor Robin Hood.

The old woman he set on a milk white steed
Himself on a dapple gray;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.
But as they were riding along,
The Bishop he chanc'd for to see
A hundred brave bowmen, stout and bold,
Stand under the green wood Tree.
O who is yonder, the Bishop then said,
That's ranging within yonder wood?
Marry, says the old woman, I think it be
A man called Robin Hood.
Why, who art thou, the Bishop he said,
Which I have here with me?
Why I am a woman, thou cuckoldly Bishop
Lift up my leg and see.
Then woe is made, the Bishop he said,
That ever I saw this day:
He turn'd him about, but R. Hood stout
Call'd to him, and bid him stay.
Then Robin took hold of the Bishop's horse
And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smil'd his master upon,
For joy of his company.
R. Hood took his mantle from his back
And spread it upon the ground,
And out of the Bishop's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.
Now let him go said Robin Hood;
Said little John, that must not be,
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass
Before that he goes from me.
Then R. Hood took the Bishop by the hand
And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, god wot,
To him and his yeomandre.
And then they brought him through the
wood,
And set him on his dapple-grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand;
And bid him for Robin Hood pray.



8 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

5. ROBIN HOOD *and the BUTCHER.*

Shewing how he robbed the Sheriff of Nottingham

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



Come all you brave gallants, and
 listen awhile,
 With a hey down, down, and a down,
 That are this bower within;
 For of bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
 A song I intend to sing.
 Upon a Time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin in the forest did 'spy,
 A jolly butcher, with a fine mare,
 With his flesh to the market did hie.
 Good-morrow, good fellow, said jolly R.
 What food hast thou, tell unto me;
 Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost
 dwell,
 For I like well thy company.
 The butcher he answer'd jolly Robin,
 No matter where I dwell;
 For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
 I am going my flesh to sell.
 What's the price of thy flesh? said jolly R.
 Come tell it unto me;
 And the price of thy mare, be she ever so
 dear,
 For a butcher I fain would be.
 The price of my flesh, the butcher reply'd
 I soon will tell unto thee;
 With my bonny mare, they are not dear,
 Four marks thou must give unto me.
 Four marks I will give thee, said jolly R.
 Four marks it shall be thy fee;
 The money come count, and let me mount
 For a butcher I fain would be.
 Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
 His butcher's trade to begin;
 With a good intent to the Sheriff he went,
 And there he took up his Inn.
 When other butchers did open their shops,
 Bold Robin he then begun;

But how for to sell he knew not well,
 For a butcher he was but young.
 When the other butchers no meat could
 sell,
 Robin he got both gold and fee;
 For he sold more meat for one penny,
 Than others could do for three.
 But when he sold his meat so fast,
 No butcher by him could thrive;
 For he sold more meat for one penny,
 Than others could do for five.
 Which made the butchers of Nottingham
 To study as they did stand,
 Saying, surely he was some prodigal,
 That had sold his father's land.
 The butchers stepp'd up to jolly Robin,
 Acquainted with him to be;
 Come brother, one said, we be all of our
 trade,
 Come, will you go dine with me?
 Accurs'd be his heart, said jolly Robin,
 That a butcher will deny;
 I will go with you, my brethren true,
 As fast as I can hie.
 But when they to the Sheriff's house came
 To dinner they hied apace;
 And Robin Hood he the man must be,
 Before them all to say grace.
 Pray God blefs us all, said jolly Robin,
 And our meat within this place;
 A cup of sack so good will nourish our
 blood,
 And so I end my grace.
 Come fill us more wine, said jolly Robin,
 Let's be merry while we stay;
 For wine and good cheer, be it ever so dear,
 I vow I the reck'ning will pay.
 Come, brothers, be merry, said jolly R.
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Let's drink, and ne'er give o'er;
For the Shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it costs me five pounds or more.
This is a mad blade, the butchers then said
Says the Sheriff he's some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold
And now he doth mean to spend all.
Hast thou any horn'd beasts said the Sheriff
Good fellow to sell to me?
Yes that I have, good Master Sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three.
And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see;
And I'll make you a good assurance of it,
As ever my father did me.
The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And took three hundred pounds in gold;
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.
Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride
To the forest of merry Sherwood;
Then the Sheriff did say, God bless us
this Day
From a man they call Robin Hood.
But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanced to 'spy
An hundred head of good fat Deer
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh.
How like you my horned beasts, good
Master Sheriff?

They be fat and fair to see.
I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were
gone,
For I like not thy company.
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts two or three;
Then quickly and anon there came Little
John,
And all his company.
What is your will, Master, then said
Little John;
I pray come tell unto me?
I have brought hither the Sheriff of Nottm.
This day to dine with thee.
He is welcome to me, then said Little John
I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it were but well
told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.
Then Robin took his mantle from his
back,
And laid it upon the ground;
And out of the Sheriff's portmanteau he
Soon told five hundred pound.
Then R. he brought him thro' the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey;
O have me commended to your wife at
home,
So Robin went laughing away.

6. ROBIN HOOD and the TANNER.

Or, ROBIN HOOD met with his MATCH.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Stranger.



IN Nottm there lives a jolly Tanner,
With a hey down, down, & a down,
His name is Arthur-a-Bland;
There is never a 'squire in Nottinghamshi.

Dare bid bold Arthur to stand.
With a long pike-staff upon his shoulder,
So well he can clear his way;
By two and by three he makes them to flee

For he hath no list to stay.
And as he went forth one summer's morn-
ing,
Into the forest of merry Sherwood,
To view the red deer, which run here and
there,

There met he bold Robin Hood
And as soon as bold Robin did him espy,
He thought he some Sport would make ;
Therefore out of hand he bid him to stand,
And thus unto him he spake.
Why, who art thou, thou bold fellow,
That rangest so boldly here ?
In sooth, to be brief, thou look'st like a
Thief,

That comes to steal our King's deer.
For I am a keeper in this forest,
The King puts me in trust
To look to his deer, that run here and
there ;

Therefore stop thee I must.
If thou be'st a keeper in this forest,
And hast such a great command,
Yet you must have more partakers in store,
Before you make me to stand.
No, I have no partakers in store,
Or any that I do need ;
But I have a staff of another oak graft,
I know it will do the deed.
For thy sword and thy bow I care not a
straw,

Nor all thy arrows to boot ;
If thou get'st a knock upon thy scap,
Thou can'st as well sh—t as shoot.
Speak cleanly, good fellow, said jolly R.
And give better terms unto me :
Else I'll thee correct for thy neglect,
And make thee more mannerly.
Marry gap with a wanion, quoth Arthur-
a Bland,

Art thou such a goodly man ?
I care not a fig for thy looking so big,
Mend yourself where you can.
Then Robin Hood unbuckled his belt,
And laid down his bow so long :
He took up a staff of another oak graft,
That was both stiff and strong.
I yield to thy weapon, said jolly Robin,
Since thou wilt not yield to mine :
For I have a staff of another oak graft,
Not half a foot longer than thine.
But let me measure, said jolly Robin,
Before we begin the fray ;
For I will not have mine to be longer than
thine,

For that will be counted foul play.
I pass not for length, bold Arthur reply'd,
My staff is of oak so free ;
Eight foot and a half, it will knock down
a calf,

And I hope it will knock down thee.
Then Robin could no longer forbear,
But gave him a very good knock ;
But quickly and soon the blood it run down
Before it was ten o'clock.

Then Arthur soon recover'd himself,
And gave him a knock on the crown,
That from every side of R. Hood's Head
The blood run trickling down.
Then Robin Hood raged like a wild Bear,
As soon as he saw his own blood :
Then Bland was in haste, he laid on so fast
As if he had been cleaving of wood.

And about, and about, and about they
went,

Like two wild bears in a chace,
Striving to aim each other to main,
Leg, arm, or any other place.
And knock for knock they lustily dealt,
Which held for two hours and more ;
That all the wood rang, at every bang,
They ply'd their work so fore.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin
Hood,

And let our quarrel fall ;
For here we thrash our bones all to mass,
And get no corn at all.
And in the forest of merry Sherwood
Hereafter thou shalt be free :
God ha'mercy for nought, my freedom I
bought,

I may thank my good staff, and not thee.
What Tradesman art thou, said jolly Robin
Good fellow, I prithee me show ?
And also tell me in what place you dwell ?
For both of these fain would I know.

I am a Tanner, bold Arthur reply'd,
In Nottingham long have I wrought ;
And if thou'lt come there, I vow and swear
I'll tan thy hide for nought.

God-a-mercy, good fellow, said jolly R.
Since thou art so kind and free,
And if thou wilt tan my hide for nought,
I'll do as much for thee.

And if thou wilt forsake thy tanner's trade
To live in the green wood with me,
My name is Robin Hood, I swear by the
wood

To give thee both gold and fee.
If thou be Robin Hood, bold Arthur reply'd

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

11

As I think well thou art,
Then here's my Hand, my name's Arthur
a-Bland,
We two will never part.
But tell me, O tell me, where is Lit. John
Of him I fain would hear;
For we are ally'd by the mother's side,
And he is my kinsman near.
Then R. Hood blew on his bugle horn,
He blew both loud and shrill;
And quick and anon he saw Little John,
Come tripping over the hill.
O what is the matter? then said Lit. John
Master, I pray you will tell
Why do you stand with your staff in hand,
I fear all is not well.
O man, I do stand, and he makes me to
stand,
The tanner that stands by my side;
He is a bonny blade, and master of his
trade,
For he has soundly tann'd my hide.
He is to be commended, then said Little
John,
If he such a feat can do;
If he be so stout, we will have a bout,

And he shall tan my hide too.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said Robin
Hood,
For, as I do understand,
He's a yeoman-good, and of thy own
blood,
For his name is Arthur-a Bland.
Then Little John threw his staff away,
As far as he could fling,
And ran out of hand to Arthur-a-Bland,
And about his neck did cling,
With loving respect, there was no neglect
They were neither nice or coy;
Each other did face with a lovely grace,
And both did weep for joy.
Then Robin Hood took them both by the
hand,
And danced about the oak tree,
For three merry men, and three merry
men,
And three merry men we be.
And ever hereafter, as long as we live,
We three will be as one;
The wood it shall ring, and the old wife
sing,
Of Robin Hood, Arthur, and John.

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7. ROBIN HOOD and the Jolly TINKER.

Tune of, In Summer Time.



IN summertime, when leaves grow green
Down, a down, down.
And birds sing on every tree,
Hey down, a down, a down,
Robin Hood went to Nottingham,
Down, a down, a down,
As fast as he could dree,
Hey down, a down, a down.

And as he came to Nottingham,
A Tinker he did meet,
And seeing him a lusty blade,
He did him kindly greet:
Where dost thou dwell, quoth R. Hood,
I pray thee now me tell
Sad news I hear there is abroad,
I fear all is not well,

What is that news, the Tinker said,
 Tell me without delay ;
 I am a Tinker by my trade,
 And do live at Banbury,
 As for the news, quoth Robin Hood,
 It is but as I hear,
 Two Tinkers were set in the stocks,
 For drinking ale and beer.
 If that be all, the Tinker said,
 As I may say to you,
 Your news is not worth a fast,
 Since that they all be true.
 For drinking of good ale and beer,
 You will not lose your part.
 No, by my faith, quoth Robin Hood,
 I love it with all my heart,
 What news abroad, quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me what thou dost hear ;
 Being thou go'st from town to town,
 Some news thou need'st not fear.
 All the news I have, the Tinker said,
 I hear it is for good,
 It is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Which they call Robin Hood,
 I have a warrant from the King,
 To take him were I can ;
 If you can tell me where he is,
 I will make you a man.
 The King would give an hundred pounds,
 That he could but him see :
 And if we can but now him get,
 It will serve thee and me.
 Let me see the warrant, said Robin Hood,
 I will see if it be right,
 And I will do the best I can
 For to take him this night.
 That will I not, the Tinker said,
 None with it will I trust ;
 And where he is, if you'll not tell,
 Take him by force I must.
 But Robin Hood perceiving well
 How then the game would go,
 If you will go to Nottingham,
 We shall find him I know.
 A crab-tree staff the Tinker had,
 Which was both good and strong ;
 Robin he had a good strong blade ;
 So they went both along.
 And when they came to Nottingham,
 There they took up their inn ;
 And they called for ale and wine,
 To drink it was no sin.
 But ale and wine they drank so fast,
 That the Tinker he forgot
 What thing he was about to do,

It fell so to his Lot ;
 That, while the Tinker fell asleep,
 Robin made haste away.
 And left the Tinker in the lurch,
 For the great shot to pay.
 But when the Tinker did awake,
 And saw that he was gone,
 He called then for his host,
 And thus he made his moan :
 I had a warrant from the King,
 Which might have done me good,
 That is to seek a bold outlaw,
 Some call him Robin Hood,
 But, now the warrant and money's gone,
 Nothing I have to pay ;
 And he that promised to be my friend,
 Is gone and fled away.
 That friend you speak of, said the host,
 They call him Robin Hood ;
 And when that he first met with you,
 He meant you little good.
 Had I but known it had been he,
 When that I had him here,
 The one of us should have try'd our might,
 Which should have paid full dear.
 In the mean time I will away,
 No longer here I'll abide,
 But I will go and seek him out,
 Whatever me betide,
 But one thing I would gladly know,
 What here I have to pay :
 Ten shillings just, then said the host,
 I'll pay you without delay ;
 Or else take here my working bag,
 And my good hammer too,
 And if I light but on the knave,
 I will then soon pay you.
 The only way, then said the host
 And not to stand in fear,
 Is to seek him amongst the parks,
 Killing of the King's deer.
 The Tinker he then went with speed,
 And made then nodelay,
 Till he had found brave bold Robin Hood
 That they might have a fray.
 At last he 'spy'd him in a park,
 Hunting then of the deer :
 What knave is that, quoth Robin Hood,
 That doth come me so near ?
 No knave, no knave, the Tinker said,
 And that you soon shall know,
 Whether of us have done any wrong,
 My crab-tree staff shall show.
 Then Robin drew his gallant blade,
 Made then of trusty steel ;

But

But the Tinker he laid on so fast,
That he made Robin reel.
Then Robin's anger did arise,
He fought right manfully,
Until he had made the Tinker
Then almost fit to fly.
With that they laid about again.
And ply'd their weapons fast;
The Tinker thrash'd his bones so sore,
That he made him yield at last.
A boon, a boon, then Robin cry'd,
If thou wilt grant it me:
Before I do it the Tinker said,
I'll hang on this tree.
But the Tinker looking him about,
Robin his horn did blow;
Then came unto him Little John,
And will Scarlet also.
What is the matter, quoth Little John,
You sit on the highway side;
Here is a Tinker that stands by,
That hath well paid my hide.
That Tinker then, said Little John,

Fain that blade would I see,
And I would try what I can do,
If he'll do as much for me.
But Robin then he wish'd them both
They would the quarrel cease,
That henceforth we may be as one,
And ever live in peace.
And for the jovial Tinker's part,
A hundred pound I give
In a year to maintain him on,
As long as he doth live.
In manhood he is a mettled man,
And a metal man by trade;
I Never thought that any man,
Should have made me so afraid.
And if he will be one of us,
We will take all one fare,
And whatsoever we do get,
He shall have his full share.
So the Tinker he was content
With them to go along,
And with them a part to take;
And so I end my song.

3. ROBIN HOOD and ALLEN-A-DALE. Or, *The Manner of ROBIN HOOD's rescuing a young Lady from an old Knt. to whom she was going to be married, and restoring her to ALLEN-A-DALE, her former Lover.*

Tune of ROBIN HOOD in the Green-Wood.



Come listen to me, you gallants so free
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw,
That lived in Nottinghamshire,
That lived in Nottinghamshire,
As Robin Hood in the forest stood,

All under a green wood tree,
There was he aware of a brave young man,
As fine, as fine might be.
The youngster was cloathed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay;
And he did frisk it over the plain,

14 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

And chaunted a round-de lay.
 As Robin Hood next morning stood
 Amongst the leaves so gay,
 There did he spy the same young man
 Come drooping along the way.
 The scarlet he wore the day before,
 It was clean cast away ;
 At every step he fetch'd a sigh,
 Alack and a well-a-day !
 Then stepped forth brave Little John,
 And Midge the miller's son,
 Which made the young man bend his bow,
 When as he see them come.
 Stand off, stand off, the young man said,
 What is your will with me ?
 You must come before our master strait,
 Under yon green-wood tree.
 And when he came bold Robin before,
 Robin asked him courteously,
 O hast thou any money to spare.
 For my merry men and me.
 I have no money, the young man said,
 But five shillings and a ring ;
 And that I have kept these seven long years
 To have it at my wedding.
 Yesterday I should have married a maid,
 But she from me was ta'en,
 And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
 Whereby my poor heart is slain.
 What is thy name, then said Robin Hood,
 Come tell me without any fail,
 By the faith of my body, then said the
 young man,
 My name it is Allen-a-Dale.
 What wilt thou give me, said R. Hood,
 In ready gold or fee,
 To help thee to thy true love again,
 And deliver her up unto thee ?
 I have no money, then quoth the young
 man,
 No ready gold or fee,
 But I will swear upon a book,
 Thy true servant to be.
 How many miles is it to thy true love,
 Come tell me without any guile ;
 By the faith of my body, then said the
 young man,
 It is but five little mile.
 Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
 He did neither stint nor linger,
 Until he came unto the church
 Where Allen should keep his wedding.

What dost thou here, the Bishop then said
 I prithee now tell unto me ?
 I am a bold harper, quoth Robin Hood,
 And the best in the North Country,
 O welcome, O welcome, the Bishop then
 said,
 That music best pleaseth me.
 You shall have no music, quoth R. Hood,
 'Till the bride and bridegroom I see.
 With that came in a wealthy knight,
 Which was both grave and old ;
 And after him a finikin lais
 Did shine like the glittering gold.
 This is not a fit match, quoth bold Robin
 Hood,
 That you do seem to make here,
 For, since we are come unto the church,
 The bride shall chuse her own dear.
 Then Robin Hood put his horn to his
 mouth,
 And blew out blasts two or three :
 Then four and twenty bowmen bold
 Came leaping over the lee.
 And when they came into the church-yard
 Marching all on a row.
 The first man was Allen-a-dale,
 To give bold Robin his bow.
 This is thy true love, Robin he said,
 Young Allen, as I hear say ;
 And you shall be marry'd at the same time,
 Before we depart away.
 That shall not be, the Bishop he said,
 For thy word shall not stand ;
 They shall be three times ask'd in the
 church,
 As the law is of our land.
 Robin Hood pull'd off the Bishop's coat,
 And put it upon Little John ;
 By the faith of my body, then R. he said,
 This cloth doth make thee a man.
 When Little John went to the choir,
 The people began to laugh ;
 He asked them seven times in the church,
 Left three times should not be enough.
 Who gives this maid, said Little John ?
 Quoth Robin Hood, that do I.
 He that doth take her from Allen-a-Dale,
 Full dearly shall her buy.
 And thus having ended this merry wedding
 The bride she look'd like a Queen ;
 And so they return'd to merry green-wood,
 Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN

9. ROBIN HOOD and the SHEPHERD.
*Skewing how ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and the
 SHEPHERD, fought a sore Combat.*

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.



ALL gentlemen, and yemen good,
 Down, a down, a down,
 I wish you to draw near;
 For a story of bold Robin Hood
 Unto you I will declare.
 Down, a down, a down.
 As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly shepherd,
 That on the ground did lie.
 Arise, arise, said jolly Robin,
 And now come let me see
 What's in thy bag and thy bottle I say,
 Come tell it unto me.
 What's that to thee, thou proud fellow,
 Tell me as I do stand?
 What hast thou to do with my bottle and
 bag?
 Let me see thy command.
 My sword that hangeth by my side,
 Is my command I know;
 Come, let me taste of thy bottle,
 Or it may breed thee woe.
 The devil a drop thou proud fellow,
 Of my bottle thou shalt see,
 Untill thy valour here be try'd,
 Whether thou fight or flee.
 What shall we fight for? said R. Hood,
 Come tell soon unto me;
 Here's twenty pound in good red gold,
 Win it and take it thee.

The shepherd stood all in amaze,
 And knew not what to say;
 I have no money, thou proud fellow.
 But bag and bottle I will lay.
 I am content, thou shepherd swain,
 Fling them down on the ground;
 But it will breed thee mickle pain,
 To win my twenty pound.
 Come draw thy sword, thou proud fellow,
 Thou standest too long to prate;
 This hook of mine shall let thee know
 A coward I do hate.
 So they fell to it full hard and sore,
 It was on a summer's day,
 From ten till four in the afternoon
 The shepherd held him in play.
 Robin's buckler proved his chief defence,
 And saved him many bang,
 For every blow the shepherd struck
 Made Robin's sword cry twang
 Many a sturdy blow the shepherd gave,
 And that bold Robin spund,
 'Till the blood ran trickling from his head,
 Then he fell to the ground.
 Arise, arise, thou proud fellow,
 And thou shalt have fair play,
 If thou wilt yield before thou go,
 That I have won the day.
 A boon, a boon, cry'd bold Robin,
 If that a man thou be,
 Then let me have my bugle horn,

And blow out blasts three.
Then said the shepherd to bold Robin,
To that I will agree;
For if thou should'st blow 'till to-morrow
morn,

I scorn one foot to flee.
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew with might and main,
Until he 'spied Little John
Come tripping over the plain.
Who is yonder, thou proud fellow,
That comes down yonder Hill?
Yonder is John, bold Robin Hood's man,
Shall fight with thee thy fill.
What is the matter, said Little John,
Master, come tell unto me?
My case is bad, said Robin Hood,
For the shepherd hath conquer'd me.
I am glad of that, cries Little John,
Shepherd, turn thou to me;
For a bout with thee I mean to have,
Either come fight or flee.
With all my heart, thou proud fellow,
For it shall never be said,
That a shepherd's hook, at thy sturdy look
Will one jot be dismay'd.
So they fell to it full hard and sore,

Striving for victory.
I will know, says John, e'er we give o'er,
Whether thou wilt fight or flee;
The shepherd gave John a sturdy blow,
With the hook under his chin;
Beswore thy heart, faith Little John,
Thou basely dost begin.
Nay, that is nothing, said the shepherd,
Either yield to me the day,
Or I will bang thy back and sides,
Before thou goest thy way.
What dost thou think, thou proud fellow,
That thou canst conquer me;
Nay, thou shalt know before thou go,
I'll fight before I'll flee.
Again the shepherd laid on him,
The shepherd he begun;
Hold thy hand, cry'd jolly Robin,
I will yield the wager won.
With all my heart, said Little John,
To that I will agree;
For he is the flower of shepherd swains,
The like I ne'er did see.
Thus have you heard of Robin Hood,
Also of Little John;
How a shepherd swain did conquer them,
The like was never known.

XX

10. *The Famous BATTLE between ROBIN HOOD and the
Curtal FRYAR, near Fountain-Dale.*

To a NORTHERN Tune.



IN summer, when leaves grow green
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all disposed to play.
Then some would leap and some would run,
And some would use artillery:
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer to be;

Which of you can kill a buck?
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of Greece
Five hundred foot him fro.
Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
And Midge he did kill a doe;
And Little John kill'd an hart of Greece;
Five hundred foot him fro.

God's

God's blessing on thy heart, said R. Hood,
That shot such a shot for me,
I would ride my horse an hundred miles,
To find one could match thee,
That caused Will Scadlock to laugh,
He laugh'd full heartily ;
There lives a Fryar near Fountain Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.
The curtal Fryar in Fountain Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw,
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn Oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
'Till the Fryar he did see,
Robin Hood put on his harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.
He took his bow into his hand.

It was of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And to Fountain-Dale went he.
And coming to fair Fountain-Dale,
No further would he ride ;
There was he aware of a curtal Fryar
Walking by the water-side.

The Fryar had on a harness good,
And on his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood 'lighted from off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn ;

Carry me over the water, thou curtal
Friar.

Or else thy life's forlorn.

R. Hood took the Fryar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other side.

Lightly stepped Robin off the Friar's back ;
The Fryar said to him again,

Carry me over the water, thou fine
Fellow,

Or it shall breed thy pain.

The Fryar took Robin on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spoke neither good word nor bad,
'Till he came on the other side.

Lightly leapt the Fryar off Robin
Hood's back,

Bold Robin said to him again,

Carry me over the water, thou curtal Fryar
Or it shall breed thy pain.

The Fryar took Robin on his back again,
And stepped up to the knee,

And 'till he came to the middle stream
Neither good nor bad spoke he ;

And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in ;

And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The fryar to the willow wand ;

Bold Robin is gone to the shore,
And took his own bow in his hand,

One of the best arrows under his belt
To the Fryar he let fly ;

The curtal fryar with his steel buckler
Did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun,

If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy arrow I will not shun.

Robin Hood shot so passing well,
'Till his arrows all were gone ;

They took their swords and steel
bucklers,

And fought with might and main,
From ten o'clock that very day,

'Till four in the afternoon ;

Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
O' th' Fryar to beg a boon.

A boon, a boon, thou curtal fryar,
I beg it on my knee ;

Give me leave to set my horn to my
mouth,

And to blow out blasts three ?

That I will do, said the curtal Fryar,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt ;

I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
'Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three :

Half a hundred yeomen, with their
bows bent,

Came ranging over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the Fryar,
That come so hastily ?

Those are mine, said Robin Hood,
Fryar, what's that to thee ?

A boon, a boon, said the curtal fryar,
The like I gave to thee ;

Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whutes three ?

That will I do, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame ;

Three whutes in a Fryar's fist,
Would make me glad and fain.

The

The Fryar he set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted him whutes three ;

'Till half a hundred good bay dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,

And I myself for thee :

Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Fryar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,

The one behind, the other before ;

Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
From off his back they tore.

And whether his men shot East or West,
Or they shot North or South,

The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouths.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Fryar, at my bidding thee ;

Whose man art thou, said the curtal
Fryar,

Comes here to prate to me ?

I am Little John, R. Hood's man,

Fryar, I will noblye :

If thou take not up thy dogs anon,

I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main ;

Soon half a score of the Fryar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the
curtal Fryar,

Thy master and I will agree,

And we will have new orders taken
With all the haste that may be.

If thou wilt forsake fair Fountain Dale,
And Fountain Abbey free,

Every Sunday throughout the year
A noble shall be thy fee,

Every Sunday throughout the year,
Changed shalt thy garment be,

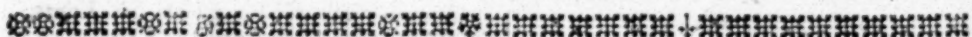
And if thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.

The curtal Fryar had kept Fountain
Dale,

Seven long years and more ;

There was neither Knight, Lord, nor
Earl

Could make him yield before.



II. ROBIN HOOD newly reviv'd ; Or, His Meeting and Fighting with his Cousin SCARLET.

To a NEW TUNE.



Come listen awhile you Gentlemen all,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are this bower within :

For a story of gallant Robin Hood,
I purpose now to begin.

What time of day ? quoth Robin Hood,
Quoth Little John, 'tis in the Prime :

Why then we will to the green wood
gang,

For we have no victuals to dine.

As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
It was in the midst of the day ;

There he was aware of a deft young man,
As ever walked on the way.

His Doublet was of silk he said,
His stockings like scarlet shone :

And bravely he walked along the way,
To Robin Hood then unknown.

A heri

A herd of deer was in the bend,
All feeding before his face;
Now the best of you I'll have to my
dinner,

And that in a little space.
Now the stranger he made no mickle ado,
But he bent a right good bow,
And the best of all the herd he slew,
Full forty yards him fro.

Well shot, well shot, said R. Hood then,
That shot it was in time;
And if thou wilt accept of the place,
Thou shalt be a bold yeoman of mine.
Go play the chiven, the stranger then
said,

Make haste and quickly go,
Or with my fist, before of this,
I'll give thee buffets store.
Thou had'st not best buffet me quoth R.
Hood.

For altho' I am forlorn,
Yet I have those will take my part,
If I do blow my horn.
Thou had'st not best wind thy horn, the
stranger said,

Be'st thou never so much in haste,
For I can draw a good broad sword,
And quickly cut the blast.
Then Robin Hood bent a very good bow,
To shoot, and that he would fain?

The Stranger he bent a very good bow,
To shoot at bold Robin again.
Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, quoth
Robin Hood.

To shoot it would be in vain;
For if we shoot the one at the other,
The one of us must be slain.
But let us take our swords and our broad
bucklers,

And gang under yonder tree.
As I hope to be sav'd, the stranger he
said,
One foot I will not flee.

Then Robin Hood lent the stranger a
blow,
'Most fear'd him out of his wits:
Thou never felt blow, the stranger he
said,

That shall be better quit.
The stranger then with a good broad
sword

Hit Robin on the crown,
That from every hair of bold Robin's
head

The blood it run trickling down.
God-a-mercy, good fellow, quoth R.
Hood then,

And for this thou hast done,
Tell me, good fellow, what thou art;
Tell me where thou do'st won?
The stranger then answer'd bold Robin
Hood,

I'll tell thee where I do dwell:
In Maxfield town I was horn and bred,
My name is young Gamwell.
For killing of my Father's steward,
Am forc'd to this English wood,
And for to seek an uncle of mine,
Some call him Robin Hood.

But art thou a cousin of R. Hood then?
The sooner we shall have done;
As I hope to be saved, the stranger then
said

I am his own sister's son.
But laud, what kissing and courting
was there,

When these two cousins did meet!
And they went all that summer's day,
And Little John did not meet.

But when they met with Little John,
He unto him did say;
Oh! Master, pray where have you been,
You have tarry'd so long away?

I met with a stranger, quoth R. Hood,
Full sore he hath beaten me;
Then I'll have a bout with him, quoth
Little John,

And try if he can beat me.
Oh! no, Oh! no, quoth R. Hood then,
Little John, it must not be so;

For he is my own dear sister's son,
And cousins I have no more.

But he shall be a bold yeoman of mine,
My chief man next to thee;
And I Robin Hood, and thou L. John,
And Scarlet he shall be,

And we'll be three of the bravest outlaws
That live in the North country.
If thou wilt hear more of bold R. Hood,
In the second part it will be.

Then bold Robin Hood to the North he
would go,
With valour and mickle might,
With sword by his side, which oft had
been try'd,

To fight, and recover his right.
The first that he met was a bonny bold
Scot,

20 ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

His servant he said he would be ;
 No, quoth R. Hood, it cannot be good,
 Forthou wilt prove false unto me ;
 Thou hast not been true to fire or cuz.
 Nay, marry, the Scot he said,
 As true as your heart, I'll never part,
 Good master, be not afraid.
 Then Robin Hood turned his face to the
 East,
 Fight on, my merry men stout ;
 Our case is good, quoth brave R. Hood,
 And we shall not be beaten out.
 The battle grew hot on every side,
 The Scotchmen made great moan ;

Quoth Jockey, geud faith, they fight on
 each side,
 Wou'd I were with my wife Joan.
 The enemy compass'd brave Robin about
 'Tis long e'er the battle ends ;
 There's neither will yield, nor give up
 the field,
 For both are supply'd with friends.
 This song it was made in R. Hood's
 days ;
 Let's pray unto Jove above,
 To give us true peace, that mischief
 may cease,
 And war may give peace unto love.

XX

12. Renown'd ROBIN HOOD ; Or, his famous Archery
 truly related, in the worthy Exploits he perform'd
 before QUEEN CATHARINE.

To a New TUNE.



GOLD ta'en from the King's Har-
 bingers,
 Down, a down, a down,
 As seldom hath been seen,
 Down, a down, a down,
 And carried by bold Robin Hood,
 For a present to the Queen,
 Down, a down, a down.
 If that I live one year to an end,
 Thus did Queen Catherine say,
 Bold Robin Hood, I'll be thy friend,
 And all thy yeomen gay.
 The Queen is to her chamber gone,
 As fast as she could wen ;
 She calls unto her lovely page,
 His name was Richard Parrington.

Come thou hither to me, thou lovely
 Page,
 Come thou hither to me ;
 For thou must post to Nottingham,
 As fast as thou can'st dree ;
 And as thou go'st to Nottingham,
 Search every English wood,
 Enquire of one good yeomen or another,
 That can tell thee of Robin Hood.
 Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
 As fast as he could wen,
 And when he came to Nottingham,
 There he took up his inn.
 He calls for a bottle of rhenish wine,
 And drinks a health to the Queen,
 Wishing he might now speedily

Meet

Find out Jolly Robin.
 There sat a yeoman by his side,
 Who said, sweet page, tell me,
 What is thy business, and thy cause,
 So far in the North country?
 This is my business and my cause,
 Sir, I'll tell it you for good,
 To enquire of one good yeom. or another
 To tell me of Robin Hood.
 I'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
 Be it by break of day,
 And I will shew thee bold Robin Hood,
 And all his yeomen gay.
 When that he came to R. Hood's place,
 He fell down on his knee;
 Queen Catherine she does greet you well,
 She greets you well by me.
 She bids you post to fair London court,
 Not fearing any thing;
 For there shall be a little sport,
 And she has sent you her ring.
 R. Hood took his mantle from his back,
 It was of Lincoln green,
 And sent it by this lovely page,
 For a present to the Queen.
 In sum. time, when leaves grow green,
 'Twas a seemly fight to see,
 How Robin Hood had drest himself
 And all his yeomandree.
 He cloathed his men in Lincoln green,
 And himself in scarlet red;
 Black hats, white feathers all alike,
 Now bold Robin Hood is rid.
 And when he came to London court,
 He fell down on his knee;
 Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the
 Queen,
 And all thy yeomandree.
 Come hither, Tepus, said the King,
 Bow-bearer after me;
 Come measure me out with the line,
 How long our mark must be.
 What is this wager? said the Queen,
 For that I must know here;
 Three hundred tun of rhenish wine,
 Three hundred tun of beer,
 Three hundred of the fattest harts
 That run on Dallem lee:
 That's a princely wager, said the Queen,
 That I must needs tell thee.
 With that bespoke one Clifton then,
 Full quickly and full soon,
 Measure no mark for us, most sovereign
 liege,

We will shoot at sun and moon.
 Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
 Full fifteen score shall stand.
 I'll lay my bow said Clifton then,
 I'll cleave the willow-wand.
 With that the King's archers led about,
 'Till it was three to one;
 With that the Ladies began for to shout,
 Madam your game is gone.
 A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine cries,
 I crave it on my knee;
 Is there ever a kt. of your privy council,
 On Queen Catherine's side will be?
 Come hither to me, Sir Robert Lee,
 Thou art a knight full good;
 For I do know by thy pedigree,
 Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.
 Come hither to me, thou Bishop of
 Herefordshire,
 For a noble priest was he;
 By my silver mitre, said the Bishop then,
 I'll not bet one penny;
 The King has archers of his own,
 Full ready and full right:
 And these be strangers every one,
 No man knows what they are.
 What wilt thou bet? said R. Hood,
 Thou seest our game's the worse;
 By my silver mitre, then said the Bishop
 All the money within my purse.
 What is in thy purse? said R. Hood,
 Now throw it on the ground;
 Ninety-nine Angels, said the Bishop.
 It's near an hundred pound.
 Robin Hood took his bag from his side,
 And threw it on the green;
 Will Scadlock then went smiling away,
 I know who this money must win.
 With that the King's archers led about,
 While it was three to three;
 With that the Ladies gave a shout,
 Woodcock beware thy knee.
 It is three to three now, said the King,
 The next three pays for all;
 R. Hood went and whisper'd the Queen,
 The King's part shall be but small.
 Then Robin Hood did leap about.
 He shot it under hand;
 And Clifton with a bearing arrow,
 He clove the willow wand.
 And little Midge, the Miller's son,
 He shot not much the worse;
 He shot within a finger of the prick;
 Now Bishop, beware thy purse.

A boon,

A boon, a boon, Q. Catherine cries,
I crave it on my bare knee,
That you will angry be with none
That is of my party.
They shall have forty days to come,
And forty days to go,
And three times 40 to sport and to play
Then welcome friend or foe.

Thou art welcome, R. Hood, said the
Queen.

And so is Little John,
And so is Midge the Miller's son,
Thrice welcome every one.

Is this R. Hood, the King then said,
For it was told to me,

That he was slain in the palace-gate,
So far in the North country.

Is this R. Hood, quoth the Bishop then,
As it seems well to be;

Had I known it had been that bold outlaw
I would not have bet one penny.

He took me late one Sunday night,
And bound me fast to a tree,

And made me sing a Mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree.

What, and if I did, says Robin Hood,
Of that mass I was full fain;

For recompence of that, he says,
Here's half thy gold again,

Now nay, now nay, says Little John,
Master, that may not be,

We must give gifts to the King's
officers,

That gold will serve thee and me.

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13. ROBIN HOOD'S Chace : Or, A Merry Progress between ROBIN HOOD and King HENRY.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



COME you gallants all, to you I call,
With a hey down, down, and a down,
That are now in this place;

For a song I will sing of Henry our king,
How he did bold R. Hood chace.

Queen Cath. she then a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,

For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three hundred tun of beer;

But she had her archers to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good;

But her mind it was bent, with a full
intent,

To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold R. Hood he came there,

Queen Catherine she did say,

Thou art welcome, Locksley, unto me,
And thou on my part must be.

If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
And all my yeomen gay,

For a match of shooting I have made,
Then hanged will I be.

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin won it with grace;

But after the King was angry with him,
And vow'd he would him chace.

What tho' his pardon granted was,
While he with them did stay;

But yet the King was vexed at him,
When he was gone away.

Soon

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND. 23

Soon after the King from court did hie,
In a furious angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
After bold Robin Hood.
But when the King to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood ;
O come, said he, and let me see
Who can find bold Robin Hood.
But when bold Robin he did hear,
The King had him in chace ;
Then said Little John, 'tis time to be
gone,
And go to some other place.
Then away they went from merry Sherw.
And into Yorkshire he did hie,
And the King did follow, with a hoop
and a halloo,
But could not him come nigh.
Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
And went straight to Newcastle town,
And there they staid hours two or three,
And then he to Berwick was gone.
When the King did see how R. Hood
did flee,
He was vex'd wond'rous sore ;
With a hoop and a halloo he vow'd to
follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.
Come now let's away, said Little John,
Let any man follow that dare :
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
And so then to Lancaster.
From Lancaster then to Chest. they went,
And so did good King Henry ;

But Robin went away, for he durst not
stay,
For fear of some treachery.
Says Robin come let us for London go,
To see our noble Queen's face ;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the King us chace.
When Robin he came Q. Cath. before,
He fell upon his knee ;
If it please your grace, I am come to this
place,
To speak with King Henry.
Queen Catherine answer'd bold Robin
again,
The King is gone to merry Sherwood,
And when he went away, to me did say
He would go and seek Robin Hood.
Then fare you well, my gracious Queen,
For to Sherwood I'll hie apace ;
For fain would I see what he'd have with
me,
If I could but meet with his Grace.
But when King Henry he came home,
Full weary and vexed in mind ;
And that he did hear Robin had been
there,
He blamed Dame Fortune unkind.
Your welcome home, Q. Cath. cry'd,
Henry my sovereign liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, the Archer good,
Your Person hath been to seek.
A boon, a boon, Queen Catherine cry'd,
I beg it here of your grace,
To pardon his life, and seek no strife ;
And so ends Robin Hood's chace.



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14. ROBIN HOOD'S Golden Prize.

Shewing how he robb'd two PRIESTS of Five Hundred Pounds.

Tune of Robin Hood was a Tall young Man.



I HAVE heard talk of Robin Hood;
 Derry, derry down,
 And of brave Little John,
 Of Fryar Tuck, and Will Scarlet,
 Locksley, and Maid Marrian,
 But such a Tale as this before,
 I think, was never known;
 For Robin Hood disguised himself,
 And from the wood is gone.
 Like to a Fryar bold Robin Hood
 Was accoutred in his array;
 With hood, gown, beads, and crucifix,
 He passed upon the way.
 He had not gone past miles two or three,
 But it was his chance to espy
 Two lusty priests clad all in black,
 Come riding gallantly.
 Benedicite, then said Robin Hood,
 Some pity on me take;
 Cross you my hand with a single groat,
 For our dear Lady's sake.
 For I have been wand'ring all this day,
 And nothing could I get;
 No net so much as a poor cup of drink,
 Nor bit of bread to eat.
 Now by our holy dame, the priests
 reply'd,
 We never a penny have,
 For we this morning have been robb'd,
 And could no money save.
 I am much afraid, said bold R. Hood,
 That you do both tell a lye;
 And now before you do go hence,
 I am resolv'd to try,
 When as the Priests heard him say so,

Then they rode away amain;
 But R. Hood betook him to his heels,
 And soon overtook them again.
 Then R. Hood laid hold of them both,
 And pull'd them down from their horse;
 O spare us, fryar, the priests cry'd out,
 On us have some remorse.
 You said you had no money, quoth R.
 Wherefore without delay,
 We three will fall down on our knees,
 And for money we will pray.
 The priests they could not him gainsay,
 But down they kneel with speed:
 Send us, o send us, then quoth they,
 Some money to serve our need.
 The priests did pray with a mournful
 chear,
 Sometimes their hands did wring;
 Sometimes they wept and tore their hair,
 Whilst Robin did merrily sing;
 When they had been praying an hour's
 space,
 The priests did still lament;
 Then, quoth Robin, now let us see
 What money heaven hath us sent.
 We will be sharers all alike
 Of money that we have:
 And there is never a one of us
 That his fellow shall deceive.
 The priests their hands in their pockets
 put,
 But money could find none;
 We will search ourselves, said R. Hood,
 Each other, one by one.
 Then R. Hood took pains to search them,
 And

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And found good store of gold,
Five hundred pieces presently
Upon the grafs he told.
Here is a brave shew, said Robin Hood,
Such store of gold to see,
And you each one shall have a part
Because you pray'd so heartily.
He gave them fifty pounds a-piece,
And the rest himself did keep;
The Priests they durst not speak one word,
But sigh'd wondrous deep.
With that the Priests rose up from their
knees.
Thinking to have parted so:
Nay, nay, says R. Hood, one thing more
I have to say 'ere you go.

You shall be sworn, says bold R. Hood,
Upon this holy grafs,
That you will never tell lies again,
Which way soever you do pass.
The second oath that you here must make,
That all the days of your lives,
You never shall tempt maids unto sin,
Nor lie with other men's wives.
The last oath you shall take, is this,
Be charitable to the poor;
Say you have met with a holy Fryar,
And I desire no more.
He set them on their horses again,
And away then they did ride;
And he return'd to the merry green wood,
With great Joy, Mirth, and Pride.

15. ROBIN HOOD *Rescuing* WILL. STUTELY
from the SHERIFF and his Men, who had taken him
Prisoner, and were going to hang him.

Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



When R. Hood in the green wood
Derry, derry down, [stood
Under the green wood tree,
Tidings there came to him with speed,
Tidings for certainty.
Hey down, derry, derry down,
That Will. Stutely surprized was,
And eke in Prison lay;
Three varlets that the king had hir'd,
Did likely him betray.
Ay, and to-morrow hanged must be,
To-morrow as soon as 'tis Day;
Before they could the victory get,
Two of them did Stutely slay.
When Robin Hood did hear this news,
Lord! it did grieve him sore;
And to his merry men he did say,
Who all together swore,

That Will. Stutely should rescu'd be,
And be brought back again;
Or else should many a gallant knight
For his sake there be slain.
He cloath'd himself in scarlet then,
His men were all in green;
A finer shew throughout the world
In no place could be seen.
Good Lord! it was a gallant fight
To see them all on a Row;
With every man a good broad sword,
And eke a good yew bow.
Forth of the green wood are they gone,
Yea all courageously,
Resolving to bring Stutely home,
Or every man to die.
And when they came the castle near,
Wherein Will Stutely lay;

I hold it good, said Robin Hood,
 We here in Ambush stay,
 And send one forth some news to hear,
 To yonder Palmer fair,
 That stands under the castle wall ;
 Some news he may declare.
 With that steps forth a brave young man,
 Which was of courage bold ;
 Thus did he speak to the old man,
 I pray thee, Palmer old,
 Tell me, if thou rightly ken,
 When must Will. Stutely die ;
 Who is one of bold Robin's men,
 And here doth Prisoner lie.
 Alas ! alas ! the Palmer said,
 And for ever woe is me !
 Will. Stutely hang'd will be this day,
 On yonder gallows tree.
 O had his noble master known,
 He would some succour send ;
 A few of his bold yeomandree,
 Full soon would fetch him hence.
 Ay, that is true, the young man said ;
 Ay, that is true, said he ;
 Or if they were near to this place,
 They soon would set him free.
 But fare thee well, thou good old man,
 Farewell, and thanks to thee ;
 If Stutely hanged be this day,
 Reveng'd his death will be.
 No sooner was he from the Palmer gone,
 But the gates were open'd wide,
 And out of the castle Will. Stutely came,
 Guarded on every side.
 When he was forth of the castle come,
 And saw no help was nigh :
 Thus did he say unto the Sheriff,
 Thus he said gallantly ;
 Now seeing that I needs must die,
 Grant me one boon, said he ;
 For my noble master ne'er had man,
 That was yet hang'd on a tree :
 Give me a sword all in my hand,
 And let me be unbound,
 And with thee and thy men I'll fight,
 'Till I lie dead on the ground.
 But this desire he would not grant,
 His wishes were in vain ;
 For the Sh. he swore he hang'd should be,
 And not by the sword be slain.
 Do but unbind my hands, he says,
 I will no weapons crave :
 And if I hanged be this day,
 Damnation let me have,

O no, no, no, the Sheriff said,
 Thou shalt on the gallows die,
 Ay, and so shall thy master too,
 If ever in me it lie.
 O dastard coward, Stutely cries,
 Faint-hearted peasant slave !
 If ever my master do thee meet,
 Thou shalt thy payment have.
 My noble master doth thee scorn,
 And all thy cowardly crew ;
 Such silly imps unable are
 Bold Robin to subdue.
 But when he was to the gallows gone,
 And ready to bid adieu,
 Out of a bush steps Little John,
 And comes Will. Stutely to :
 I pray thee, Will. before thou die,
 Of thy dear friends take leave ;
 I needs must borrow him awhile,
 How say you, master Sheriff ?
 Now, as I live, the Sheriff said,
 That varlet will I know :
 Some sturdy rebel is that same,
 Therefore let him not go.
 Then Little John most hastily
 Away cut Stutely's bands,
 And from one of the Sheriff's men
 A sword twitch'd from his hands.
 Here, Will. take thou this same,
 Thou can'st it better sway ;
 And here defend thyself awhile,
 For aid will come straitway.
 And there they turn'd them back to back,
 In the midst of them, that day,
 'Till Robin Hood approached near,
 With many an Archer gay.
 With that an arrow from them flew,
 I wist from Robin Hood ;
 Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff he said
 Make haste, for it is not good.
 The Sheriff is gone, his doughty men
 Thought it no boot to stay,
 But, as their master had them taught,
 They ran full fast away.
 O stay, O stay, Will. Stutely said,
 Take leave e'er you depart :
 You ne'er will catch bold Robin Hood,
 Unless you dare him meet.
 O i'll betide you, said Robin Hood,
 That you so soon are gone ;
 My sword may in the scabbard rest,
 For here your work is done.
 I little thought, Will. Stutely said,
 When I came to this place,

For

For to have met with Little John,
Or seen my master's face.
Thus Stutely was at liberty set,
And safe brought from his foe ;
O thanks, O thanks to my master,

Since here it was not so.
And once again, my Fellows all,
We shall in the green wood meet,
Where we will make our bow-strin. twang
Music for us most sweet

16. *The Noble FISHER-MAN: Or, ROBIN HOOD'S Preferment.*

To the Tune of in Summer Time.



IN summer time, when leaves grow gr.
When they do grow both green & long,
Of a bold outlaw call'd Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing my song.
When the lilly leaf and the cowslip sweet
Both bud and spring with merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
And a chafing of the king's deer.
The Fishermen brave more money have,
Than any merchant two or three ;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a Fisherman may be.
This outlaw call'd his merry men all,
As they sat under the green wood tree :
If any of you have any gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.
Now, quoth Robin Hood, i'll to Scar-
borough go,
It seems to be a very fine day :
He took up his Inn at a widow woman's
house,
Hard by the water's gray,
Who asked him, where wert thou born,
Or tell me were thou dost fare !
I am a poor fisherman, said he then,
This day intrapped all in car
What is thy name, thou fine fel ?
I pray thee heartily tell to me
In mine own country where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the lee.

Simon, Simon, said the good wife,
I wish thou may'st well brook thy name.
The outlaw was 'ware of her courtsey,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame,
Simon, wilt thou be my man ;
And good round wages i'll give thee ;
I have as good ship of my own,
As any that sails upon the Sea.
Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,
Masts and planks that are so long.
And if that thou so furnish me,
Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail
More of a day than two or three ;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.
It will be long, said the master then,
E'er this great lubber thrive on the sea,
He shall have no share in our fish,
For in truth he is in no part worthy.
O wo is me, said Simon then,
This day that I ever came here !
I wish I were in Plumpton-park,
Chafing of the fallow deer.
For every clown laugheth me to scorn,
And by me sets nothing at all ;
If I had them in Plumpton-park,
I would set as little by them all.
They pluck'd up anchor, and away did sail
More of a day than two or three ;

But

But Simon espy'd a ship of war,
That sailed towards them vigorously.
O wo is me, said the master then,
This day that ever I was born;
For all the fish that we have got
Is every bit lost and forlorn!
For these French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in a prison strong.
But Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boast,
If I should cast you over-board,
There is but a simple lubber lost.
Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he;
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship-hatcht goeth he.
Master, tye me to the mast, he said,
That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare.
He drew his arrow to the head,

And drew it with might and main;
And straight in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchmen's heart the arrow gain'd
The Frenchman fell down on the ship hatch
And under the hatches down below;
Another Frenchman that him espy'd,
The dead corpse into the sea did throw.
O master, loose me from the mast, he said
And for them all take you no care,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never Frenchman will I spare.
Then strait they boarded the French ship,
They lying all dead in their fight;
They found within their ship of war
Twelve thousand pounds in money bright
The one half of the ship, said Simon then,
I'll give to my dame and children small,
The other half of the ship I'll give
To you that are my fellows all.
But now bespoke the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be;
For you have won it with your hands,
And the owner of it you must be.
It shall be so as I have said.
And with this gold for the oppress'd
An Habitation will I build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest.

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17. ROBIN HOOD's *Delight*: Or, A new COMBAT fought
between ROBIN HOOD, LITTLE JOHN, and WILL. SCAR-
LET, with three stout KEEPERS in Sherwood Forest.

To the Tune of Robin Hood and Queen Catharine.



Here's some will talk of lords & knt.
Down, a down, a down.
And some of yeomen good;
But I will tell you of Will. Scarlet,
Little John, and Robin Hood.
They were outlaws, as 'tis well known,

And men of noble blood,
And many a time their valour was shewn
In the forest of merry sherwood.
Upon a time it chanced so,
As Robin Hood would have it be,
They all three would a walking go,

The

The pastime for to see.
And as they walked the forest along,
Upon a midsummer day,
There was he aware of three foresters,
Clad all in green array.
With brave long falchions by their sides,
And forest bills in their hands,
They called aloud to these outlaws,
And charged them to stand.
Why, who are you, cry'd bold Robin,
That speak so boldly here?
We three belong to king Henry,
And keepers of his deer.
The devil you are, says Robin Hood,
I am sure it is not so;
We be the keepers of this forest,
And that you soon shall know.
Your coats of green lay on the ground,
And so we will all three,
And take your swords and bucklers round,
And try the victory.
We be content, the keepers said,
We be three and no less,
Then why should we of you be afraid,
As we never did transgress?
Why, if you be keepers in this forest,
We be three rangers good,
And will make you know before you do go
You met with bold Robin Hood.
We be content, thou bold outlaw,
Our valour here to try,
And will make you know before you do go,
We will fight before we fly.
Then come draw your swords, you bold
outlaws,
No longer stand to prate,
But let us try it with blows,
For cowards we do hate.
Here is one for Will. Scarlet,
And another for Little John,
And I myself for Robin Hood,
Because he is stout and strong.
So they fell to it full hard and fore,

It was on a midsummer day;
From eight of the clock, 'till two & past,
They all shew'd gallant play.
There Robin, Will. and Little John,
They fought most manfully,
'Till all their wind was spent and gone,
Then Robin aloud did cry;
O hold, O hold, cries bold Robin,
I see you be stout men;
Let me blow one blast on my bugle horn,
Then I'll fight with you again.
That bargain is to make, bold R. Hood,
Therefore we it deny;
Thy blast upon the bugle horn
Cannot make us fight or fly.
Therefore fall on, or else be gone,
And yield to us the day;
It never shall be said that we are
Of thee, or thy yoman gay.
If that be so, cries Robin Hood,
Let me but know your names,
And in the forest of merry Sherwood,
I shall extol your fames.
And with our names, one of them said,
What hast thou here to do?
Except that thou wilt fight it out,
Our names thou shalt not know.
We'll fight no more, says bold R. Hood,
You be men of valour stout;
Come and go with me to Nottingham,
And there we will fight it out.
With a butt of Sack we will bang it about,
To see who wins the day;
And for the cost make you no doubt,
I have gold enough to pay.
And ever hereafter as long as we live,
We all will brethren be;
For I love those men with hart and hand,
That will fight and never flee.
So away they went to Nottingham,
With sack to make amends;
For three days they the wine did chace,
And drank themselves good friends.



18. ROBIN HOOD *and the BEGGAR : Shewing how he and the Beggar fought, and changed Cloaths ; how he went a Begging to Nottingham ; and how he saved three Brethren from hanging for stealing of Deer.*

To the Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the STRANGER.



Come light and listen, you gentlem. all
 With a hey down, down, & a down,
 That mirth do love for to hear,
 And a story true I'll tell unto you,
 If that you will but draw near.
 In elder Times, when merriments were,
 And archery was holden good,
 There was an outlaw, as many do know,
 Which men call Robin Hood.
 Upon a time it chanced so,
 Bold Robin was merry dispos'd,
 His time for to spend, he did intend,
 Either with friend or foes.
 Then he got up upon a gallant steed,
 The which was worth angels ten,
 With a mantle of green, most brave to be
 seen,
 He left all his merry men.
 And riding towards Nottingham,
 Some pastime for to 'spy,
 There was he aware of a jolly beggar
 As e'er he beheld with his eye.
 An old patch'd coat the beggar had on,
 Which he daily did use for to wear ;
 And many a bag about him did wag,
 Which made Robin Hood to him repair.
 God speed, god speed, said R. Hood then
 What countryman ? Tell unto me.
 I am Yorkshire, sir, but 'ere you go far,
 Some charity give unto me.
 I have no money, said Robin Hood then,
 But a ranger within the wood ;

I am an outlaw, as many do know,
 My name it is Robin Hood.
 But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggar,
 That a bout with thee I must try ?
 Thy coat of gray lay down I say.
 And my mantle of green shall lie by.
 Content, content, the beggar he cry'd,
 Thy part it will be the worse ;
 For I hope this bout to give thee true rout,
 And then have at thy purse.
 The beggar he had a mickle long staff,
 And Robin he had a nut-brown sword ;
 The beggar drew nigh, and at R. let fly,
 But gave him never a word.
 Fight on, fight on, said R. Hood then,
 This game well pleaseth me,
 For every blow that Robin gave,
 The beggar gave buffets three.
 And fighting there full hardy and fore,
 Not far from Nottingham town.
 They never fled 'till from R. Hood's head
 The blood it run trickling down.
 O hold thy hand, said Robin Hood,
 And thou and I will agree :
 If that be true, the beggar he said,
 Thy mantle come give unto me.
 Now a change, a change, said R. Hood,
 Thy bags and coat give me ;
 And this mantle of mine I'll to thee resign,
 My horse and my bravery.
 When Robin had got the beggar's cloaths.
 He looked round about ;

Methinks

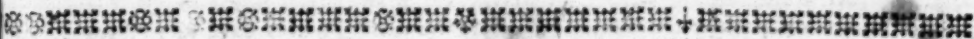
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Methinks, said he, I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.
For now I have a bag for my bread,
So I have another for my corn;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.
And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find;
And if any more of Robin you'll know,
In the second part it's behind,
Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff and his coat scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passed he.
As Robin he passed the streets along,
He heard a pitiful cry,
Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
Condemned were to die.
Then R. he hied to the Sheriff's house,
Some relief for to seek;
He skipt and he leapt, and caper'd full high
As he went along the street.
But when to the Sheriff's house he came,
There a gentleman fine and brave,
Thou baggar, saith he, come tell unto me
What it is thou would'st have?
No meat, nor drink, said R. Hood then,
That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
And that I fain would have.

That cannot be, thou bold beggar,
Their fact is so clear;
I tell to thee, they hang'd must be,
For stealing our king's deer.
But when to the gallows they did come,
There was a many a weeping eye;
O hold your peace, said Robin then,
For certain they shall not die.
Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.
What is your Will, master? said they,
We are at thy command:
Shoot east, shoot west, said Robin then,
And see you spare no man.
Then they shot east, and they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen;
The Sheriff he, and his company,
No longer could be seen.
Then he slept to those brethren three,
And away he had them ta'en;
The Sheriff he was crost, and many a Man
lost,
That dead lay on the plain.
And away they went to the merry green
wood,
And sung with merry glee;
And Robin Hood took these brethren good
To be of his Yeomandre,



19. ROBIN HOOD, WILL. SCARLET, and LITTLE JOHN.
*Or, a narrative of the Victory obtained against the Prince
of ARRAGON and the two Giants; and how Will. Scar-
let married the Princess,*

To a NORTHERN Tune.



NOW R Hood, W Scarlet, and L John
Are walking over the plain,
With a good fat buck, which Will, Scarlet

With his strong bow had slain.
Jog on, jog on, cries Robin Hood,
The days it runs full fast,

For

For tho' my nephew me a breakfast gave,
 I have not broke my fast.
 Then to yonder lodge let us take our way,
 I think it wond'rous good,
 Where my nephew, my bold yeomen,
 Shall be welcom'd unto the green wood.
 With that he took the bugle horn,
 Full well he would it blow ;
 Strait from the woods came marching down
 One hundred tall fellows and more,
 Stand, stand to your arms, cries W Scarlet
 Lo the enemies are within ken :
 With that Robin Hood he laughed aloud,
 Crying, they are my bold yeomen.
 Who when they arriv'd, and Robin espy'd,
 Crying, master, what is your will ?
 We thought you had in danger been,
 Your horn did sound so shrill.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 The danger is past and gone ;
 I would have you welcome my nephew
 here,
 That have paid me two for one.
 In feasting and sporting they spent the day,
 'Till Phoebus sunk into the deep ;
 Then each one to his quarters hy'd,
 His guard there for to keep.
 Long had they not walked within the green
 wood,
 But Robin he was espy'd
 Of a beautiful damsel all alone,
 That on a black palfrey did ride.
 Her riding sute was of a sable-hue-black,
 Cyprus over her face,
 Through which her rose-like cheeks did
 blush,
 All with a comely grace.
 Come, tell me the cause, thou pretty one,
 Quoth Robin, and tell me right,
 From whence thou com'st and whither
 thou go'st,
 All in this mournful plight ?
 From London I came, the damsel reply'd,
 From London upon the Thames,
 Which circled is, O grief to tell !
 Besieg'd with foreign arms,
 By the proud prince of Arragon,
 Who swears by his martial hand.
 To have the princess to his spouse,
 Or else to waste this land.
 Except the champions can be found,
 That dare fight three to three,
 Against the prince and giants twain,
 Most horrid for to see :

Whose grisly looks, and eyes like brands,
 Strike terror where they come,
 With serpents hissing on their helmets,
 Instead of feather's plume.
 The princess shall be the victor's prize
 The king hath vow'd and said,
 And he that shall the conquest win,
 Shall have her to his bride.
 Now we are four damsels sent abroad,
 To the east, west, north, and south,
 To try whose fortune is so good,
 To find these champions forth.
 But all in vain we have sought about,
 For none so bold there are,
 That dare venture life and blood,
 To free a lady fair.
 When is the day ? quoth Robin Hood,
 Tell me this and more.
 On Midsummer next, the damsel said,
 Which is June the twenty-four.
 With that the tears trickled down her
 cheeks.
 And silent was her tongue :
 With sighs and sobs she took her leave,
 And away her palfrey sprung.
 This news struck Robin to the heart,
 He fell down on the grass.
 His actions and his troubled mind
 Shew'd he perplexed was.
 Where lies your grief ? quoth Will Scarlet
 O, master, tell to me ?
 If the damsel's eyes have pierc'd your heart
 I'll fetch her back to thee.
 Now nay, now nay, quoth Robin Hood,
 She does not cause my smart ;
 But 'tis the poor distress'd princess
 That wounds me to the heart :
 I'll go fight the giants all,
 To set the lady free.
 The D——I take my soul, quoth L. John
 If I part with thy company.
 Must I stay behind ? quoth Will. Scarlet,
 No, no, that must not be ;
 I'll make the third man in the fight,
 So we will be three to thtee.
 These words cheer'd Robin to the heart,
 Joy shone upon his face,
 Within his arms he hugg'd them both,
 And kindly did embrace.
 Quoth he, we'll put on motley grey,
 With long staves in our hands,
 A scrip and bottle by our sides,
 As come from the holy lands.
 So may we pass along the highway,

None

None will ask us from whence we came
 But take us Pilgrims for to be,
 Or else some holy men.
 Now they are on a journey gone,
 As fast as they may speed,
 Yet for all their haste, 'ere they arriv'd,
 The Princess forth was led,
 To be deliver'd to the Prince,
 Who in the list did stand,
 Prepar'd to fight, or else receive
 His lady by the hand.
 With that he walk'd about the list,
 With giants by his side;
 Bring forth, said he, your champions,
 Or bring me forth my bride:
 This is the four-and-twentieth day,
 The day perfix'd upon,
 Bring forth my bride, or London burns,
 I swear by Alcarron.
 Then cries the King and Queen likewise,
 Both weeping as they spake,
 Lo! we have brought our daughter dear,
 Whom we are forc'd to forsake.
 With that slept out bold Robin Hood,
 Cries, my liege, it must not be so;
 Such beauty as the fair Princess
 Is not for a tyrants mow.
 The Prince he then began to storm,
 Cries, fool, fanatick, baboon!
 How dare thou stop my valour's prize?
 I'll kill thee with a frown.
 Thou, Tyrant, Turk, thou Infidel,
 Thus Robin began to reply,
 Thy frowns I scorn; lo! here's my gage,
 And thus I thee defy.
 And for those two Goliath's there,
 That stand on either side,
 Here are two little Davids by
 That soon can tame their pride.
 Then the King did for armour send.
 For lances, swords, and shields;
 And thus all three in armour bright
 Came marching into the field.
 The trumpets began to sound a charge,
 Each singled out his man;
 Their arms in pieces soon were hew'd,
 Blood sprang from every vein.
 The Prince reach'd Robin Hood a blow,
 He struck with might and main,
 Which made him reel about the field,
 As though he had been slain.
 God-a-mercy, quoth Robin, for that blow
 The quarrel shall soon be try'd,
 This stroke shall shew a full divorce

Betwixt thee and thy bride.
 So from his shoulders he cut his head,
 Which on the ground did fall,
 And grumbled fore at Robin Hood,
 To be so dealt withal.
 The giants then began to rage
 To see their Prince lie dead:
 Thou wilt be the next, says Little John,
 Unless thou guard thy head.
 With that his faulchion he whir'd about,
 It was both keen and sharp;
 He clave the giant to the belt,
 And cut in twain his heart.
 Will. Scarlet well had play'd his part.
 The giant he brought to his knees.
 Quoth Will, the devil cannot break a knot
 Unless he have you all three.
 So with his faulchion he run him through,
 A deep and ghastly wound:
 Who damn'd and foam'd, curs'd and blasphem'd,
 And then fell to the ground.
 Now all the lists with shouts were fill'd,
 The skies they did resound,
 Which brought the Princess to herself,
 Who had fallen into a swoon.
 The King, and Queen, and Princess likewise,
 Came walking to the place,
 And gave the champions many thanks,
 And did them further grace.
 Tell me, quoth the King, whence you are
 That thus disguised came,
 Whose valour speaks that noble blood
 Doth run through every vein.
 A boon, a boon, quoth Robin Hood,
 On my knees I beg and crave;
 By my crown, quoth the King, I grant,
 Ask what, and thou shalt have.
 Then pardon I beg for merry men,
 Which are in the green wood,
 For Little John, and Will. Scarlet,
 And for me, hold Robin Hood.
 Art thou Robin Hood? quoth the King,
 For thy valour thou hast shewn,
 Your pardon I do freely grant,
 And I welcome every one.
 The Princess I promis'd the victor's prize,
 She cannot have you all three:
 She shall chuse, quoth R. faith Little John.
 Then little share falls to me,
 Then did the Princess view all three,
 With a comely lovely grace,
 And took Will. Scarlet by the hand,
 Saying, here I make my choice.

With

With that a noble Lord stept forth,
Of Maxfield Earl was he,
Who look'd Will. Scarlet in the face,
Then wept most bitterly.
Quoth he, I had son like thee,
Whom I lov'd wond'rous well,
But he is gone, or rather dead,
His name is young Gamewell.
Then did Will. Scarlet fall on his knees,
Cries, father, father, here.

Here kneels your son, your young Game-
well,
You said you lov'd so dear.
But, lord, what embracing and kissing
was there,
When all these friends were met !
They are gone to the wedding, and so to
bedding,
And so I bid you good night.

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20. *LITTLE JOHN and the four BEGGARS:*
Shewing how he went a Begging, and fought with four
BEGGARS; and what a Prize he got from them.

Tune of Robin Hood and the Beggar.



ALL you that delight to spend some
With a hey down. &c (Time
A merry song for to sing,
Unto me draw near, and you shall hear.
How Little John went a begging.
As Robin Hood walked the forest along,
And all his yeomandre,
Says Robin, some of you a begging must go
And, Little John, it must be thee.
Says John, if I must a begging go,
I will have a Palmer's weed,
With a staff and a coat, and bags of all sorts
The better then shall I speed.
Come, now give me a bag for my bread,
And another for my cheese,
And one for a penny, if I get any,
That nothing I may loose.
Now Little John is a begging gone,
Seeking for some relief,
But of all the beggars he met on the way,
Little John he was the chief.
But as he was walking himself alone,

Four beggars he chanced to 'spy,
Some deaf, some blind, some came behind
Says John, here is a brave company.
Good-morrow, said John, my brethren
dear,
Good fortune I had you see;
Which way do you go? pray let me know
For I want some company.
What is here to do? Said Little John;
Why ring all these bells? said he,
What dog is hanging? Come let us be
ganging,
That we the truth may see.
Here is no dog, one of them said,
Good fellow I tell unto thee;
But here is one dead that will give us
cheese and bread,
And it may be one single penny.
We have brethren in London, another said
So we have at Coventry,
In Berwick and Dover, and all the world
over,

Out

ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND. 35

But ne'er a crook'd Carl like thee.
Therefore stand thou back, thou crooked
Carl,
And take that knock on the crown ;
Nay, says Little John, i'll not be gone,
For about I will have of you round.
Now have at you all, said Little John,
If you be so full of your blows,
Fight on all four, and never give o'er
Whether you be friends or foes.
John nipped the dumb, and made him roar
And the blind that could not see ;
And he that a cripple had been for seven
years,
He made run faster than he.
And flinging them all against the wall,
With many a sturdy bang,
Made John to sing, to hear the gold ring
And against the walls cry twang.
Then he got out of the beggars cloak
Three hundred pounds in gold ;
Good fortune had I, said Little John,
Such a fight for to behold.
At found he in the beggar's bag
But three hundred and three ;
I drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may I die.

And my begging trade I will now give o'er
My fortune hath been so good :
Therefore I will not stay, but I will away
To the forest of merry sherwood.
And when to the forest of sherwood he
came,
He quickly there did see
Bold Robin Hood, his master good,
And all his company.
What news ? What news ? Said R. Hood,
Come, Little John, tell unto me,
How hast thou sped with thy beggars trade
For that I fain would see ?
No news but good, said Little John,
With begging full well have I sped ;
Three hundred and three have I here for
thee,
In silver and gold so red.
Then R. Hood took Lit. John by the hand
And danced about the oak-tree ;
If we drink water while this doth last,
Then an ill death may we die,
So to conclude my merry new song,
All you that delight to sing,
'Tis of Robin Hood, that archer good,
And how Little John went a begging.

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I. ROBIN HOOD and the RANGER.

Or, True Friendship after a fierce Fight.

Tune of ARTHUR-A-BLAND.



WHEN Phœbus had melted the
Sickles of Ice,
With a hey down, &c.
and likewise the mountains of snow,
Robin Hood he would ramble to see,
to frolick abroad with his bow.

He left all his merry men waiting behind,
Whilst through the green vallies he
pass'd,
There did he behold a forester bold,
Who cry'd out, friend, whither so fast ?
I am going, queth R. to kill a fat buck,

For me and my merry men all;
 For I, e'er I go, i'll have a fat doe,
 Whose skin shall cost me a fall.
 You best have a care, said the forester then
 For these are his majesty's deer;
 Tell me you shall shoot, the thing i'll dis-
 pute,
 For I am head forester here.
 The long summers, said R. I'm sure,
 My arrows I here have let fly,
 And freely I range, methinks it is strange
 You should have more power than I.
 The forest, quoth Robin, I think is my
 own,
 And to are the nimble deer too;
 Therefore I declare, and solemnly swear,
 That I will not be affronted by you.
 The forester he had a long quarter staff,
 And a wide a broad sword by his side;
 And not more ado, he presently drew,
 And saying the truth should be try'd.
 For Robin Hood had a sword of the best,
 And e'er he would take any wrong,
 His rage was such, he'd venture a brush
 And thus they went to it dunt dong.
 The first blow that the forester gave,
 And his broad weapon cry twang;
 And over the head, he fell down for dead
 And that was a damnable bang!
 But Robin he soon did recover himself,
 And bravely fell to it again;
 The next stroke their weapons they
 stroke,
 And ever a man there was slain.
 And quarter staff then they resolved to play,
 And they would have t'other bout;
 And brave Robin Hood right valliantly
 strode,
 And when he was to give out.
 For Robin he gave a him very hard blows
 And he return'd them as fast;
 And every stroke their jackets did smoke;
 And three hours the combat did last.
 At length in a rage the bold forester grew,
 And edgett'd bold Robin so sore,
 That he could not stand, so shaking his
 head,
 He said let us freely give o'er.

Thou art a brave fellow I needs must con-
 fess,

I never knew any so good;
 Thou art fitting to be a yeoman for me,
 And range in the merry green wood.
 I'll give thee this ring as a token of love,
 For bravely thou hast acted thy part;
 That man that can fight, in him I delight,
 And love him with all my whole heart.
 Then Robin Hood setting his horn to his
 Mouth,

A blast he merrily blew;
 His Yeomen did hear, and strait did appear
 A hundred with trusty long bows.
 Now Little John came at the head of them
 all,

Cloath'd in a rich mantle of green;
 And likewise the rest were gloriously drest,
 A delicate sight to be seen!

Lo! these are my yeomen, said R. Hood,
 Thou shalt be one of the train:

A mantle and bow, a quiver ass,
 I give them whom I entertain
 The forester willingly enter'd the list,

They were such a beautiful sight;
 Then with a long bow they shot a fat doe,
 And made a rich supper that night.

What singing and dancing was in the green
 wood,

For joy of another new mate!
 With mirth and delight they spent all the
 night,

And liv'd at a plentiful rate.
 The forester ne'er was so merry before,
 As then he was with these brave souls,
 Who never would part, in wine, beer, or
 ale,

To take off their cherishing bowls
 Then R. Hood gave him a mantle of green
 Broad arrows, and a curious long bow;
 This done, the next day, so gallant and
 gay,

He marched them all on a row.
 Quoth he, my bold yeomen, be true to
 your trust,

And then we may range the woods wide
 They all did declare, and solemnly swear,
 They'd conquer or die by his side.



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22. ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN.

Being an Account of their first Meeting; their fierce Encounter and Conquest. To which is added, their friendly Agreement, and how he came to be called LITTLE JOHN.

Tune of ARTHUR-A-BLAND.



When Robin Hood was a about
twenty years old,

With a hey down, down, and a down.

He happened to meet Little John,

A jolly brisk blade, right fit for the trade,

For he was a lufy young man.

Tho' he was called Little, his limbs they
were large,

And his stature were seven foot high :

Where-ever he came they quak'd at his
name,

For soon he would make them to fly.

How they came acquainted, I'll tell you
in brief,

If you would but listen awhile,

For this very jest, among the rest,

I think may cause you to smile.

For R. Hood said to his jolly bowmen,

Pray tarry you here in the grove,

And see that you all observe well my call,

While through the forest I rove.

We have had no sport these fourteen long
days,

Therefore now abroad will I go ;

Now should I be beat, and cannot retreat,

My horn I will presently blow,

Then did he shake hands with his merry
men all,

And bid them at present good by ;

Then as near a brook his journey he took,

A stranger he chanc'd to espy.

They happen'd to meet on a long narrow
bridge,

And neither of them would give way ;

Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood

I'll shew you right Nottingham play.

With that from his quiver an arrow he
drew,

A broad arrow with a goose wing :

The stranger reply'd, I'll lick thy hide,

If thou offer to touch the string.

Quoth bold R. Hood, thou dost prate like
an ass,

For were I to bend but my bow,

I could send a dart quite through thy proud
heart,

Before thou could'st strike me one blow.

Thou talk'st like a coward, the stranger
reply'd,

Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,

To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,

Have nought but my staff in my hand.

The name of a coward, quoth R. I scorn,

Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by ;

And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take,

The truth of thy manhood to try,

Then R. Hood slept to a thicket of trees,

And chose him a staff of ground oak ;

Now this thing being done, away he did
run

To the stranger, and merrily spoke :

Lo ! see my staff is lufy and tough,

Now

Now here on the bridge we will play ;
Whoever falls in the other shall win
The battle, and so we'll away.

With all my whole heart, the stranger re-
ply'd,

I scorn in the least to give out.
This said, they fell to't, without more
dispute,

And their staffs they did flourish about.
At first Robin gave the stranger a bang,
So hard that he made his bones ring ;

The stranger he said, this must be repaid,
I'll give you as good as you bring.

So long as I'm able to handle a staff,
To die in your debt, friend, I scorn.

Then to it both goes, and follows their
blows,

As if they had been threshing of corn.
The stranger gave Robin a crack on the
crown,

Which caused the blood to appear ;
Then Robin enrag'd, more severely en-
gag'd,

And follow'd his blows more severe.
So thick and and so fast he did lay it on
him,

With a passionate fury and ire ;
At every stroke he made him to smoke,
As if he had been all on fire.

O then in a fury the stranger he grew,
And gave him a damnable look,

And with it a blow, which laid him full
low,

And tumbled him into the brook.
I prithee, good fellow, where art thou
now ?

The stranger, in laughter, he cry'd :
Quoth bold R. Hood, good faith, in the
flood,

And floating along with the tide.
I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave
foul,

With thee I'll no longer contend ;
For needs must I say thou hast got the day,
Our battle shall be at an end.

Then unto the bank he did presently wade,
And pull'd himself out by a thorn :

Which done, at the last, he blew a loud
blast

Straitway on his fine bugle horn :
The echo of which through the vally did
ring,

At which his stout bowmen appear'd,
All cloathed in green, most gay to be seen,

So up to their master he steer'd.

O what is the matter, quoth Will. Stutely
Good master, you are wet to the skin :

No matter, quoth he, the lad that you see
In fighting hath tumbled me in.

He shall not go scot-free, the others reply'd
So strait they were seizing him there,

To duck him likewise ; but R. Hood cries
He is a stout fellow, forbear,

There's no one shall wrong thee, friend,
be not afraid,

These bowmen upon me do wait ;
There's threescore and nine ; if thou wilt
be mine,

Thou shalt have my livery strait,
And other accoutrements fitting also,

Speak up jolly blade, never fear ;
I'll teach you also the use of the long
bow,

To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

O here is my hand, the stranger reply'd,
I'll serve you with all my whole heart ;

My name is John Little a man of good
mettle,

Ne'er doubt me for i'll play my part.
His name shall be altered, quoth Will.

Stutely,
And I will his Godfather be ;

Prepare then a feast, and none of the least,
For we will be merry, quoth he.

They presently fetch'd in a brace of fat does
With numming strong liquor likewise :

They lov'd what was good ; so in the green
wood

This pretty sweet babe they baptized.

He was, I must tell you, but seven feet
high,

And may be an ell in the waist ;
He was a sweet lad, much feasting they
had,

Bold Robin the christening grac'd,
With all his bowmen, which stood in a ring

And were of the Nottingham breed ;
Brave Stutely came then with seven ycom.

And did in this manner proceed.
This infant was called John L. quoth he,

Which name shall be changed anon ;
The words we'll transpose ; so wherever
he goes,

His name shall be called Little John,
They all with shout made the elements
ring ;

So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went with true merriment

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And tippled strong liquors gillore.
 Then Robin he took the pretty sweet babe,
 And cloath'd him from top to toe
 In garments of green most gay to be seen,
 And gave him a curious long bow.
 Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
 And range in the green wood with us,
 Where we will not want gold nor silver,
 behold,
 While bishops have ought in their purse.
 We live here like 'squires or lords of re-
 noun,
 Without e'er a foot of free land ;

We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale
 and beer,
 And every thing at our command.
 Then music and dancing did finish the day,
 At length when the sun waxed low,
 Then all the whole traia the grove did re-
 frain,
 And unto their caves thy did go.
 And so ever after, as long as they liv'd,
 Although he be proper and tall,
 Yet nevertheless, the truth to express,
 Still Little John they did him call.

23. *The BISHOP of HEREFORD'S Entertainment by
 ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN, &c. in merry Barns-
 dale.*

To the Tune of in Summer Time.



Some they will talk of bold R. Hood,
 And some of Barons bold ;
 But I'll tell you how he serv'd the bishop
 of Hereford,
 When he robbed him of all his gold.
 As it befel in merry Barnsdale,
 And under the green wood tree,
 The bishop of Hereford was to come by,
 With all his company.
 Come kill a ven'son, said bold R. Hood,
 Come kill me a good fat deer,
 The bishop of Hereford is to dine with me
 to day,
 And he shall pay well for his cheer.
 We'll kill a fat ven'son, says bold R. Hood
 And dress it by the highway side,
 And we will watch the bishop narrowly,
 Left some other way he should ride.

Hobin Hood dress'd himself in shepherd's
 attire,
 With six of his men also,
 And when the bishop of Hereford came by
 They about the fire did go.
 O what is the matter, then said the bishop
 Or for whom do you make this a-do ?
 Or why do you kill the king's ven'son,
 When your company is so few.
 We are shepherds, said bold R. Hood,
 And we keep sheep all the year,
 And we are disposed to be merry this day,
 And to kill of the king's fat deer.
 You are brave Fellows, said the bishop,
 And the king of your doings shall know,
 Therefore make haste, and come along
 with me.
 For before the king you shall go.

O pardon, O pardon, said bold R. Hood,
 O pardon, I thee pray;
 For it becomes not your lordship's coat
 To take so many lives away.
 No pardon, no pardon, said the bishop,
 No pardon I thee owe;
 Therefore make haste, and come along
 with me,
 For before our king you shall go.
 Then Robin set his back against a tree,
 And his foot against a thorn,
 And from underneath his shepherd's coat,
 He pull'd out a bugle horn.
 He put the little end to his mouth,
 And a loud blast he did blow,
 'Till threescore and ten of bold Robin's
 men
 Came running all on a row;
 All making obedience to bold R. Hood;
 'Twas a comely sight to see.
 What is the matter, master, said L. John,
 That you blow so hastily?
 O here is the bishop of Hereford,
 And no pardon we shall have.
 Cut off his head, master, said Little John,
 And throw him into his grave.
 O pardon, O pardon, said the bishop,
 O pardon, I thee pray;
 For if I had known it had been you,

I'd have gone some other way.
 No pardon, no pardon, said Robin Hood,
 No pardon I thee owe;
 Therefore make haste, and come along
 with me.
 For to merry Barnsdale you shall go.
 Then Robin he took the bishop by the
 hand,
 And he led him to merry Barnsdale,
 He made him to stay, and sup with him
 that Night,
 And to drink wine, beer, and ale.
 Call in a Reckoning, said the bishop,
 For methinks it grows wondrous high;
 Lend me your purse, master, said L. John,
 And I'll tell you by and by.
 Then Little John took the bishop's cloak,
 And spread it upon the ground,
 And out of the bishop's portmanteau
 He told three hundred pound.
 Here's money enough, master, said Little
 John,
 And a comely sight 'tis to see;
 It makes me in charity with the bishop,
 Tho' he heartily loveth not me.
 Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
 And he caused the music to play;
 He made the bishop to dance in his boots,
 And glad he could get so away.

24. ROBIN HOOD *rescuing the three* 'SQUIRES
from Nottingham Gallows.

To the Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the STRANGER.



Bold R. Hood ranging the forest all
 round,
 There did he meet with a gay lady,
 She came weeping along the highway.

Why weep you, why weep you, bold R.
 he said,
 What weep you for gold or fee,
 Or do you weep for your maidenhead,

That

That is taken from your body?
 weep not for gold, the lady reply'd.
 Neither do I weep for fee,
 nor do I weep for my maidenhead,
 That is taken from my body.
 What weep you for then, said jolly Robin,
 I prithee come tell unto me?
 Oh! I do weep for my three sons,
 For they are all condemned to die.
 What church have they robbed said jolly
 Robin,
 Or parish priest have they slain?
 What maids have they forced against their
 will,
 Or with other men's wives have lain?
 No church have they robbed, this lady re-
 ply'd,
 Nor parish priest have they slain;
 No maids have they forced against their
 will
 Nor with other men's wives have lain.
 What have they done then, said jolly R.
 Come tell me most speedily?
 Oh! it is for killing the king's fallow
 deer,
 And they are all condemned to die.
 Get you home, get you home, said jolly
 Robin,
 Get you home most speedily,
 And I will unto fair Nottingham go,
 For the sake of the 'Squires all three.
 Then bold R. Hood for Nottingham goes,
 For Nottingham town goes he,
 O there did he meet with a poor beggar-
 man,
 He came creeping along the highway.
 What news, what news, thou old beggar-
 man,
 What news come tell unto me?
 O there's weeping and wailing in Notting-
 ham,
 For the death of the 'squires all three.
 This beggar-man had a coat on his back,

'Twas neither green, yellow, nor red;
 Bold R. Hood thought 'twas no disgrace
 To be in a beggar-man's stead.
 Come pull of thy coat, thou old beggar-
 man,
 And thou shalt put on mine,
 And forty good shillings I'll give thee to
 boot,
 Besides brandy, good beer, ale & wine,
 Bold R. Hood then unto Nottingham came
 Unto Nottingham town came he;
 O there did he meet with great master
 sheriff,
 And likewise the 'squires all three.
 One boon, one boon, says jolly Robin,
 One boon I beg on my knee,
 That as for the deaths of these three 'squires
 Their hangman I may be.
 Soon granted, soon granted, says master
 sheriff,
 Soon granted unto thee;
 And you shall have all their gay cloathing,
 Aye, and all their white money.
 O I will have none of their gay cloathing,
 Nor none of their white money.
 But I'll have three blasts on my bugle horn
 That their souls to heaven may flee.
 Then R. Hood mounted the gallows so
 high,
 Where he blew loud and shrill.
 'Till an hundred and ten of R. Hood's men
 Came marching down the green hill.
 Whose men are they, says master sheriff,
 Whose men are they, tell unto me?
 O they are mine, but none of thine,
 And are come for the 'squires all three.
 O take them, O take them, says great
 master sheriff,
 O take them along with thee,
 For there's never a man, in all Notting-
 ham,
 Can do the like of thee.



XX

25. The KING's Disguise, and Friendship with ROBIN HOOD.

To a Northern Tune



KING RICHARD hearing of the pranks
Of Robin Hood and his men,
He much admir'd and more desired,
To see both him and them.
Then with a dozen of his Lords,
To Nottingham he rode;
When he came there, he made good cheer,
And took up his abode.
He having staid there sometime,
But had no hopes to speed,
He and his Lords, with one accord,
All put on monk's weeds.
From Fountain-Abbey they did ride,
Down to Barnsdale;
Where R. Hood prepared flood,
All company to assail.
The King was higher than the rest.
And Robin thought he had
An Abbot been, whom he had seen,
To rob him he was glad.
He took the King's horse by the head,
Abbot, says he, abide;
I am bound to rue such knaves as you,
That live in pomp and pride.
But we are messengers from the King,
The King himself did say;
Near to this place his royal grace
To speak with thee does stay.
God save the King, said Robin Hood,
And all that wish him well;
He that does deny his sovereignty
I wish he was in hell.
Thyself thou curses, said the King,
For thou a traitor art:
Nay, but that you are his messenger,

I swear you lie in heart.
For I never yet hurt any man
That honest is and true;
But those that give their minds to live
Upon other men's due.
I never hurt the husbandman,
That use to till the ground:
Nor spill the blood, that range the wood,
To follow hawk or hound.
My chiefest spite to clergy is,
Who in these days bear a great sway;
With fryars and monks, with their fine
sprunks,
I make my chiefest prey.
But I am very glad, said Robin Hood,
That I have met you here;
Come, before we end, you shall my friend
Taste of our green-wood cheer.
The King he then did marvel much,
And so did all his men;
They thought with fear, what kind of cheer
Robin would provide for them.
Robin took the King's horse by the head,
And led him to the tent;
Thou would not be so us'd, quoth he,
But that my king thee sent.
Nay, more than that, said Robin Hood,
For good King Richard's sake,
If you had as much gold as ever I told,
I would not one penny take.
Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast he did blow,
'Till a hundred and ten of R. Hood's men
Came marching all of a row.
And when they came bold Robin before,

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Each man did bend his knee,
 O, thought the King, 'tis a gallant thing,
 And a seemly sight to see.
 Within himself the King did say,
 These men of Robin Hood's
 More humble be than mine to me,
 So the court may learn of the woods.
 So then they all to dinner went,
 Upon a carpet green;
 Black, yellow, red, finely mingled,
 Most curious to be seen.
 Venison and fowls were plenty there,
 With fish out of the river:
 King Richard swore, on sea or shore,
 He ne'er was feasted better,
 Then Robin takes a can of ale,
 Come let us now begin;
 Come every man shall have his can,
 Here's a health unto the King.
 The King himself did drink to the King,
 So round about it went:
 Two barrels of ale, both stout and stale,
 To pledge that health were spent.
 And after that a bowl of wine
 In his hand took Robin Hood.
 Until I die, I'll drink wine, said he,
 While I live in the green wood.
 Bend all your bows, said Robin Hood,
 And with the grey goose wing
 Such sport now show, as you would do
 In the presence of the King.
 They shewed such brave archery,
 By cleaving sticks and wands,
 That the King did say, such men as they
 Live not in many lands.
 Well, Robin Hood, then says the King,
 If I could thy pardon get,
 To serve the King in every thing,
 Would'st thou thy mind firm set?
 Yes, with all my heart, bold Robin said,
 So they flung off their hoods,
 To serve the King in every thing
 They swore they would spend their bloods
 For a clergyman was first my bane,
 Which makes me hate them all,
 But if you'll be so kind to me,
 Love them again I shall.
 The King no longer could forbear,
 For he was mov'd with truth,
 I am the King, thy sovereign King,
 That appears before you all.
 When Robin saw that it was he,
 Strait then he down did fall.

Stand up again then said the King,
 I'll thee thy pardon give,
 Stand up, my friend, who can contend,
 When I give leave to live?
 So they are all gone to Nottingham,
 All shouting as they came;
 But when the people them did see,
 They thought the King was slain,
 And for that cause the outlaws were come
 To rule all as they list;
 And for to shun, which way to run,
 The people did not wist.
 The plowmen left the plow in the fields,
 The smith ran from his shop;
 Old folks also, that scarce could go,
 Over their sticks did hop.
 The King soon did let them understand
 He had been in the green wood,
 And from that day for evermore
 He'd forgiven Robin Hood.
 When the people they did hear,
 And the truth was known;
 They all did sing God save the King,
 Hang care, the town's our own.
 What's that R. Hood? then said the Sher.
 That varlet do I hate,
 Both me and mine he caused to dine,
 And serv'd us all with one plate.
 Ho, ho, said Robin, I know what you mean
 Come take your gold again,
 Be friends with me, and I with thee,
 And so with every man.
 Now, master sheriff, you are paid,
 And since you are beginner,
 As well as you give me my due,
 For you ne'er paid me for my dinner.
 But if that it should please the King
 So much your house to grace;
 To sup with you, for to speak true,
 Know you ne'er was base,
 The sheriff could not gainsay,
 For a trick was put upon him;
 A supper was dress'd, the King was guest,
 But he thought 'twould have undone him
 They are all gone to London court,
 Robin Hood with all his train;
 He once was there a noble peer,
 And now he's there again.
 Many such pranks brave Robin play'd
 While he lived in the green wood,
 Now, my friends attend, and hear an end
 Of honest Robin Hood.

XX

26. ROBIN HOOD and the Golden Arrow.



When the sheriff of Nottingham
Was come with mickle grief;
He talk'd no good of Robin Hood,
That strong and sturdy thief.
Fal la dal de.
So unto London road he past,
His losses to unfold
To King Richard, who did regard
The tale that he had told.
Why, quoth the King, what shall I do?
Art thou not sheriff for me?
The law is in force, go take thy course
Of them that injure thee.
Go get thee gone, and by thyself
Devise some tricking game,
For to enthrall yon rebels all,
Go take thy course with them.
So away the sheriff he return'd,
And by the way he thought
Of the words of the King, and how the
thing
To pass might well be brought.
For within his mind he imagined,
That when such matches were,
Those outlaws stout, without all doubt,
Would be the bowmen there.
So an arrow with a golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Who won the day should bear away
For his own proper right.
Tidings came to brave Robin Hood,
Under the green wood tree;
Come prepare you then, my merry men,
We'll go yon sport to see.
With that slept forth a brave young man,
David of Doncaster,
Master, said he, be rul'd by me,
From the green wood we'll not stir,

To tell the truth, I'm well inform'd,
Yon match it is a wile;
The sheriff I wifs devises this,
Us archers to beguile.
Thou smells of a coward, said R. Hood,
Thy words do not please me;
Come on't what will, I'll try my skill,
At yon brave archery.
O then bespoke brave Little John,
Come let us thither gang;
Come listen to me how it shall be,
That we need not be ken'd.
Our mantles all of Lincoln green
Behind us we will leave;
We'll dress us all so several,
They shall not us perceive,
One shall wear white, another red,
One yellow, another blue;
Thus in disguise in the exercise
We'll gang, whate'er ensue.
Forth from the green wood they are gone,
With hearts all firm and stout,
Resolving with the sheriff's men
To have a hearty bout.
So themselves they mixed with the rest,
To prevent all suspicion;
For if they should together hold,
They thought it no discretion.
So the sheriff looking round about,
Amongst eight hundred men,
But could not see the sight that he
Had long suspected then.
Some said, if Robin Hood was here,
And all his men to boot,
Sure none of them could pass these men,
So bravely they do shoot.
Ay, quoth the sheriff, and scratch'd his
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ROBIN HOOD'S GARLAND.

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I thought he would have been here;
I thought he would, but tho' he's bold,
He durst not now appear.
O that word grieved R: Hood to the heart.
He vexed in his blood;
E'er long, thought he, thou shalt well see
That here was Robin Hood.
Some cried blue jacket, another cried brown
And the third cried brave yellow;
But the fourth man said, yon man in red
In this place has no fellow.
For that was Robin Hood himself,
For he was cloath'd in red;
At every shot the prize he got,
For he was both sure and dead,
So the arrow with the golden head,
And shaft of silver white,
Brave Robin Hood won and bore with him,
For his own proper right.
These outlaws there that very day,
To shun all kinds of doubt,
By three or four, no less nor more,
As they went in came out.
Until they all assembled were
Under the green wood shade,
Where they relate in pleasant sport
What brave pastime they made.
Says Robin Hood, all my care is,
How that yon sheriff may

Know certainly that it was I
That bore his arrow away.
Says Little John, my counsels good
Did take effect before;
So therefore now, if you'll allow,
I will advise once more.
Speak on, speak on, said Robin Hood;
Thy wit's both quick and sound,
This I advise, said Little John,
That a letter shall be penn'd,
And when it is done, to Nottingham
You to the sheriff shall send.
That is well advis'd, said Robin Hood,
But how must it be sent?
Pugh! when you please it's done with ease
Master, be you content.
I'll stick it on my arrow's head,
And shoot it into the town,
The mark shall show where it must go
Whenever it lights down.
The project it was full perform'd,
The sheriff that letter had,
Which when he read he scratch'd his head
And rav'd like one that's mad.
So we'll leave him chafing in his grease,
Which will do him no good;
Now, my friends, attend, and hear the
end
Of honest Robin Hood.

XX

271 ROBIN HOOD and the valiant KNIGHT together with an Account of his Death and Burial,

Tune of ROBIN HOOD and the Fifteen Forester



W Hen R. Hood, and his merry men
Derry, derry down. (all,
Had reigned many years,
The King was then told they had been bold

To his bishops and noble peers,
Hey down, derry, derry down,
Therefore they called a council of state,
To know what was to be done

For

For to quell their pride, or else they reply'd
 The land would be over-run.
 Having consulted a whole summer's day,
 At length it was agreed,
 That one should be sent to try the event,
 And fetch him away with speed.
 Therefore a trusty and worthy knight
 The King was pleas'd to call,
 Sir William by name, when to him he
 came,

He told him his pleasure all.
 Go from hence to bold Robin Hood,
 And bid him, without more ado,
 Surrender himself, or else the proud elf
 Shall suffer with all his crew.
 Take here a hundred bowmen brave,
 All chosen men of might,
 Of excellent art for to take thy part,
 In glittering armour bright.
 Then said the knight, my sovereign liege,
 By me they shall be led;
 I'll venture my blood against Robin Hood,
 And bring him alive or dead.
 One hundred men were chosen strait,
 As proper as e'er men saw;
 On midsummer-day they marched away,
 To conquer that brave outlaw.
 With long yew bows, and shining spears,
 They marched in mighty pride,
 And never delay'd, or halted, or stay'd,
 'Till they came to the green wood side.
 Said he to his archers, tarry here
 Your bows make ready all,
 That if need should be, you may follow me
 And see that you observe my call.
 I'll go in person first, he cry'd,
 With the letters of my good King,
 Well sign'd and seal'd, and if he will yield,
 We need not draw one string.
 He wander'd about 'till at length he came
 To the tent of Robin Hood,
 The letter he shews; bold Robin arose,
 And there on his guard he stood.
 They'd have me surrender, quoth bold R.
 Hood,
 And lie at their mercy then;
 But tell them from me, that never shall be

While I have full seven-score men.
 Sir William the knight, both hardy and
 bold,
 Did offer to seize him there;
 Which Wm. Locksley by fortune did see,
 And bid him that trick forbear.
 Then Robin Hood set his horn to mouth,
 And blew a blast or twain,
 And so did the knight; at which there is
 fight

The archers came all amain.
 Sir William with care he drew up his men
 And plac'd them in battle array;
 Bold Robin, we find, he was not behind.
 Now this was a bloody fray.
 The archers on both sides bent their bows,
 And the clouds of arrows flew;
 The very first flight that honoured knight
 Did there bid the world adieu.
 Yet nevertheless their fight did last
 From morning till almost noon;
 Both parties were stout, and loth to give
 out;

This was on the last of June.
 At length they went off; one party they
 went

For London, with right good will;
 And R. Hood he to the green wood tree,
 And there he was taken ill.
 He sent for a monk, who let him blood,
 And took his life away:
 Now this being done, his archers they run,
 It was not a time to stay.
 Some went on board, and cross'd the seas,
 To Flanders, France, and Spain,
 And others to Rome, for fear of their doom
 But soon returned again.
 Thus he, that never fear'd bow nor spear,
 Was murder'd by letting of blood:
 And so, loving friends, the story doth end
 Of valiant bold Robin Hood.
 There's nothing remains but his Epitaph
 now,
 Which, Reader, here you have,
 To this very day, read it you may,
 As it was upon his grave.

ROBIN HOOD'S EPIGRAPH.

Set on his Tomb by the Priests of BIRKSLEY Monastery in YORKSHIRE.
Robin Earl of HUNTINGTON,
 Lies under this little Stone;
 No Archer was like him so good;
 His wildness nam'd him ROBIN HOOD.

Full thirteen years, and something more,
 These Northern Parts he vexed sore.
 Such OUTLAWS as He and his Men
 May ENGLAND never know again.

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